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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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MARRIED ON HIS DEATH BED.

CHARLES ZABEL OF READING, PA., BEING FATALLY SHOT BY HIS BROTHER, IS UNITED AT HIS LAST GASP TO HIS
WEEPING SWEETHEART.



RICHARD K. FOX, - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1886.

IMPORTANT.

The publisher will consider it a personal favor of any reader of the POLICE GAZETTE will forward him the name and address of any newsdealer or subscription agent who is not selling this paper. Sample copies and advertising matter sent free on receipt of postal card. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

TRAMP REFORMERS.

Mrs. Emma Malloy has been indicted as an accessory with George Graham at Springfield, Mo., for the murder of his wife. Graham deserted his own wife and family to enjoy the society of Mrs. Malloy's daughter, Cora Lee, who became the mother of his child and was introduced everywhere by him as his wife. These people are no more interesting than ordinary criminals, except for the fact that they posed as great reformers, and at one time had the following of considerable numbers. Mrs. Emma Malloy only a few months ago was held in the highest honor by a mob of cranks and fanatics, who were glad to follow her standard in the holy cause of temperance and the aggressive warfare of prohibition.

Graham had also discovered that the confidence of the unsuspecting was not hard to gain and was easily held, and he embarked in the same business, equipped with a newspaper which he called *The Morning and Day of Reform*. This banner of prohibition, after various removals, was finally raised in Kansas, where it continued to wave by preaching prohibition and blackmailing the railroads. Mrs. Malloy was employed as the editor of the paper.

The public is familiar with the arrest, conviction and well-deserved fate of Reformer Graham. Reformer Malloy is now held to answer to the charge of complicity in wife murder, that lust might be gratified.

Yet both these people at one time stood high in religious and temperance work, and their peculiar saintliness and devotion were sought after to move the sinner and the tippler to repentance.

We do not call attention to these facts to throw any discredit upon the causes they disgraced, but to insist that character should be one of the qualifications of the itinerant derisor who makes a business of howling for "reformation" and tearing his clothes in the name of "temperance." Until the good people who invite the peripatetic revivalist and the wandering temperance reformer to their hearts and homes and churches require that these enthusiasts shall give some satisfactory evidence of character, they have no right to expect good, permanent results from the excitement that may ensue. Mrs. Malloy never had any character. George Graham was a scoundrel when he enjoyed the confidence of good people and fed fat on the credulity of cranks. There is a moral in this somewhere in favor of more caution in religion, temperance, politics and all the fields in which the demagogue finds it profitable to work.

A DESPERATE MAN.

The offering of a reward for the heads of the Apache hostiles is being severely criticized by the eastern press and as strongly endorsed by the press of the west, whose editors are more familiar with the atrocities committed by these fiends.

Peck, the Arizona ranchman, who saw his wife cruelly murdered while he was helpless to protect her, and his bright twelve-year-old niece carried into captivity, from which death would be a relief, has forsaken everything and gone all alone on the warpath.

The Redskins cut him loose from the tree to which he was tied, informing him that he was too brave a man to be killed in that condition. They would be safer with a company of troops on their trail than with this one infuriated, wifeless, homeless westerner, having the knowledge of the child being in their power and with having many wrongs to redress.

Peck may bite the dust before he becomes an avenger, but many a western heart will intercede that the gods of war be on his side, his horse sure, and his rifle a trusty one.

STAGE WHISPERS.

Lillian Olcott is just 21. Ahem! Billy Elton has gone to Australia.

W. J. Scanlon's tour this season has netted \$35,000.

Thatcher, Primrose and West have closed their season.

Margaret Mather has closed a long and successful season.

"Erminie" will run all summer at the Casino, New York.

Al Hayman, the San Francisco manager, still lingers in New York.

Moze Edwards has been re-engaged by John Stetson for next season.

The latest is that Bill Terris is to support Fanny Davenport next season.

Frankie Kemble is acting in "The Great Trunk Mystery" in Philadelphia.

The Lizzie Creese party is a dead failure in London, even more so than Dixey.

Osmond Tearle and family are to spend the summer at Newport and Saratoga.

Eugenia Paul (Mrs. Thos. Jefferson) has written a society drama called "Class."

Phyllis Broughton, the dancer, is likely to come over here with Violet Cameron.

Carlotta Patti is teaching in Paris. She seems to have permanently left the stage.

Anna Dickinson is watching by the bedside of her aged mother at West Pittston, Pa.

Rose Wood is no longer Mrs. Morris. Her divorce from "Lewis Morrison" has been granted.

Lillian Olcott has an income of \$25,000 yearly which she inherited from a wealthy uncle.

"Marcelle" is a dead failure, and Kate Forsythe is no longer a star of the first magnitude.

Roland Reed is to give up starring and go into comic opera. Water always reaches its level.

Edwin Browne has finished a comedy with a medical title—"Fun and Physic: A Nervine in Three Doses."

Poor, dear old Bertha Welby produces her new play, "Face to Face," at Allentown, Pa., on Nov. 23.

Miss Jennie Calef fell and broke her knee cap at the Opera House in Sandusky, O., one evening recently.

Jerry Allard, of Woonsocket, has joined the Haverly Minstrels, and his hosts of friends wish him success.

Mr. Ted C. Marks will be the business manager of Roland Reed next season, with an interest in the profits.

The play in which Robert B. Mantell will star next season depicts some peculiar phases of social life in New York city.

All the way from London comes the story that Christine Nilsson is to become Countess Casa Miranda. Oh, George!

J. M. Hill pays "The Japanese Village" \$18,000 for six weeks at the Columbia theatre, Chicago, beginning next Monday.

The Harry Kernell snap is a failure, and Harry goes to San Francisco to do end business and his specialties for Haverly.

Col. J. H. Mapleson's youngest son, Arthur, will shortly lead to the altar Miss Marie Engle, a well-known Chicago singer.

Caroline Hill has replaced Agnes Booth in the Madison Square theatre company for the remainder of the summer season.

Wm. Garon, advance agent of "Muggs" Landing, was presented on last Tuesday night by W. H. Bishop with a gold stem-winding watch.

"Who Kissed Him?" is the title of a new one-act comedy by two well-known writers. Rosina Vokes may add it to her repertoire next season.

Eleanor Carey has been engaged to support R. B. Mantell next year. She has just gone to San Francisco to help John T. Raymond from being a total failure.

That alleged robbery of a comic opera singer of \$1,000 turns out to be a \$60 robbery after all. But Louise, of the shapely limb, has got the free advertising all the same.

Lolo, Lola and Sylvester have not of late been doing their act with the Barnum show. Lolo dislocated her shoulder in Philadelphia, and her arm is yet too lame to enable her to work.

Thomas Carlyle, the philosopher and cynic, once went to the opera and saw a ballet. He was greatly struck by the way the girls opened and shut their legs and instantly christened them scissors.

Mrs. Mackintosh, a London society beauty, has just become a member of Charles Wyndham's English travelling company, with the intention of making a stellar tour of America in the near future.

Franslyn Regild, the light comedian who made his American debut three seasons ago in one of our best stock companies, and with success, is seeking a position in some good company for next season. His especial line is swells and lops.

The principal musical attractions of the coming season are McCaull's Opera Company in "The Crowning Hen," Herman and Conreid's "Gypsy," Baron Ambler's German Thalia Opera Company, and Violet Cameron English Comic Opera Company, under the management of Frank Sanger.

Joe Jefferson is one of the wealthiest actors in the world, and a sensible man, too. He only plays about sixteen weeks in the year, and this affords him all that he needs for his yearly maintenance without at all impairing his capital. His fortune is variously estimated from \$400,000 to \$600,000.

Carrie Rice, the 17-year-old daughter of E. E. Rice, and Frank W. Teft, son of W. E. Teft, of Teft, Weller & Co., were married at Cheshire, Conn., June 1st. They had been engaged for a short time,

with the approbation of their parents, but their union was unexpected, and was secretly effected.

A Chinese orchestra is reported to be engaged in deadly rehearsal in Philadelphia. This will evidently be the next feature in the beer gardens. Something novel, distinctive and out of the regular orchestral line is required in such places to successfully distract attention from the size and quality of the beer.

Manager J. M. Hill doesn't stand any nonsense. When Lillie Russell and her husband Solomon were fussing, the prima donna sent for the manager and told him that either she or her husband must leave the theatre. Mr. Hill said: "All right. When will you go? I have a lady ready to play your part to-night." She didn't go; neither did her husband.

Chicago's theatrical managers have made a wise move. Hereafter they will use no window lithographs, and thus cut off thousands of deadheads. A greater evil here is the distribution of tickets to people who advertise in the various theatrical programmes. For a card costing \$12 for three months, they are guaranteed \$3 worth of seats weekly. And you bet the combinations are the sufferers.

It is related of the late Wm. Emmett that in one of Geo. W. Thompson's dramas, being played at the manager's Chicago house, just as Thompson was about to "die," Emmett stepped from the entrance and said: "Wait a minute, Mr. Thompson—don't die just yet; I have an announcement to make." Thompson remained "dying" until Emmett finished his speech, and then expired rather ungracefully.

The San Francisco "Alta" pays this pretty tribute to Mrs. Rankin: "Mrs. McKee Rankin is one of the pluckiest and hard working of women and versatile actresses. Every day of her life from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. is spent in active rehearsal, and she plays at night and goes home to study until 4 A. M. Added to all this are the cares of a household and a thousand little details which go to make her life one of uncommon activity and usefulness."

Charlie Burnham, formerly for several years business manager of the Globe theatre, Boston, and last season at the Fifth Avenue, is, with Mr. F. A. Lovecraft, managing the tour of Prof. Gleason, the "horse educator." Beginning in August next, they will take the professor through the country, and in April, 1887, they will go with him to Europe to open a long engagement in London the following month. Mr. Burnham will be the business manager of the New York Star theatre next season.

As usual, Mr. W. S. Gilbert now denies the truth of all the artfully concocted stories about the plot of the forthcoming Gilbert and Sullivan opera. He is now quoted as saying that "it is on an English subject, date about 1810," that period having been chosen, for one reason, because the costumes of the early years of the century have never been correctly placed on the stage, as they will be now. There is a strong supernatural element in the piece, and the characters may be described as quasi-melodramatic.

A gentleman who heard Mlle. Rhea, the actress, recite "Ostler Joe," gives the following as a sample of her brogue:

In de soomer, ven de meadows ware agloo vith bloo and a rade,

Joe, the ustler o de meegple, and vair Ahnie Smeet vere vade;

Ploomp vas Ahnie, ploomp a preety, vith a sheek a wheek a know;

E vas anyteeng boot hensum, vas de meegple Ustler Joe.

A San Francisco correspondent says:

"The gilt-edged romance about the rich uncle of Lewis Morrison's Shakespearean novice, Celia Alsborg is beginning to get a hole knocked through it, as the fair Isabelle has no rich relations in this locality, and, so far as known, some of them have to resort to the most plebeian methods to turn an honest penny. It is generally understood, however, that the young lady has found favor in the sight of a rich mining man, who, to prevent his charitable motive from being misconstrued, telegraphs whatever funds are necessary for the maintenance of the Alsborg-Morrison enterprise to his agent in New York, and in turn he telegraphs westward whatever funds are necessary. Somebody's goose is liable to be nicely cooked, however, and already some envious things are said of Morrison and the soft snap he is working."

Bartley Campbell's malady has taken a strange form. He imagines himself the Saviour and that a former acquaintance is the Virgin Mary. To a reporter who visited him recently, and who attempted to turn him from this sacrilegious line, he said:

"Music is my hobby. I sit here every day many hours, writing songs for Jesus' sake. I am Jesus. I am so rich now that I have nothing else to do. All the railroads in the United States are mine, and all of Cuba and Mexico belong to me. This beautiful place here is my hotel. I have 25,000 guests, and in my stables are 250,000 horses. I am making so much money that I can't spend it. Did you notice the beautiful piazza as you came in? I am having that built at a cost of \$50,000,000. It is to extend all around this immense building, and will be built entirely of the purest alabaster. Were you at the Derby yesterday?" he asked, suddenly breaking off his train of thought. When answered in the negative, he continued:

"You should have been there. It was a splendid race. How much money did I win, Victoria?" (This question was addressed to the air.) "Forty thousand pounds? You must be mistaken. It was much more than that. Why, I gave you half of it." He then reverted to his music again and asserted that he was the first singer in the world.

"Did you hear the report that Henry Ward Beecher was dead?" asked the reporter.

"My God! is that so?" exclaimed Campbell, starting up wildly. "Then he must be in Heaven with me. I will speak to him." With that he expressed the greatest emotion, and walking over to a corner of the room, he shook hands with an imaginary person, and for several moments conversed earnestly but inaudibly with Mr. Beecher's spirit. His actions and appearance were so painful that the reporter made a remark about the fine view from the window. Mr. Campbell at once came to him and looking out of the window, said:

"Oh, yes, it is fine, very fine. I made that beautiful lake there, and stocked it with those lovely gold fish that you see flashing through its clear waters. Those golden swans that you see coming in such a stately manner are also due to me."

There was not a drop of water in sight.

OUR PICTURES.

The Chief Events of the Week Pictorially Delineated.

One of the Family.

We illustrate on another page the feat of carrying two railroad bars, performed at Wheeling, Alabama, by Jere Sullivan, a cousin of the great John L.

Half and Half.

Much amusement was provoked in a barber's shop at Utica, N. Y., by the boss, who shaved one side of a doubtful customer's face, but refused to finish the job till he got his pay.

An Open Air Shave.

Considerable merriment was afforded a couple hundred people the other evening by the antics of Jake Zimmer, the barber, at No. 22 Browne street, Cincinnati. Jake's effects were put out on the street by a constable, but this didn't stop business. A neighbor named Katz came along wanting a shave, and Jake put him in a chair in the street and proceeded to fix him up in the finest style. A half hour was consumed in the work, and Katz walked off amid roars of laughter. "Next."

Hung by its Crib Strap.

The afternoon of June 5 about half-past two o'clock the wife of Edward J. Craig, of Franklin, Pa., having placed her sleeping child, a little boy of nine months, in its crib, left the room to attend to some household duties. During her absence the child, becoming restless, slipped from its pillow, and when the mother returned she found her baby hanging lifeless, with its head fastened in the strap which she had drawn across the crib to keep it from falling out. An inquest was held, which developed the above facts.

A Society Escapade.

On a recent evening two well-known ladies of Virginia City, Nev., started out for a frolic disguised in fashionable male attire. They were accompanied by male companions, and visited several saloons, calling for drinks at the bar with the nonchalance of habitués. The young men were well known, but the bar-keepers were puzzled in trying to guess the identity of their companions.

When they drank at the Sazerac the searching glance of Billy Eckhoff frightened the elder of the two ladies (who, by the way, is married) and with her companion she deserted the other couple and returned home, apprehending discovery. The remaining couple visited numerous saloons on O Street, and looked in at the faro games, the young lady passing for a good-looking, delicate young man. The participants in the harmless frolic are well known, but their names are suppressed through fear of creating a flutter of surprise in Comstock society.

Got Drunk in a Police Station.

Several days ago among the property confiscated by the prohibition officers during a raid at Amesbury, Mass., was a ten gallon keg of hard cider. For safe keeping it was locked up in one of the cells at the police station. The other night four men, arrested for drunken and disorderly conduct, were locked up in the same cell with the keg. In the morning the men were found even more drunk than they were when arrested and, worse still, outside the station three other men were found piled up against the wall near the window of the same cell. It was well into the afternoon before the men were able to give an account of themselves, and then the secret of their strange conduct leaked out by one of the party bludgeoning for more cider. The keg was examined and found to be empty. The men found outside said that the cider had been passed out the window to them in a cup by the prisoners. The selectmen are thinking of directing the prohibition officers to occasionally raid the police station.

Married On His Death Bed.

Two more chapters in the sad tragedy ended in Reading, Pa., by which Frank Zabel, aged eighteen, without any provocation, murderously fired three shots in his brother Charles' body and then desperately wounded himself, have since transpired, one being the marriage of Charles Zabel on his death bed, followed by the young man's death. The Zabel family are in modest circumstances, but the widowed mother and her sons apparently always lived happily together. Ever since the tragedy the two young men have lain at death's door. Charles Zabel was engaged to be married in a few weeks to Miss Salome Reiser. They had an interview and agreed to be married. Rev. Dr. J. J. Kuendig, pastor of St. John's Lutheran Church, of which both were members, officiated. Zabel's responses to the marriage service were scarcely audible, while the bride stood sobbing at his side. The young man appeared to rest easier after this, but in the morning a change was noticed for the worse, and in the evening he died. The bride of a few hours is prostrated with grief and is in a critical condition. No motive has yet been assigned for the murderous deed. In a deposition of Charles Zabel he expressed a wish to see Frank, and later he was carried on a cot into Charles' room. Their parting was very affecting. Officers have Frank Zabel's room under guard. The feeling against him is very bitter.

The First Girl Bathers of the Season.

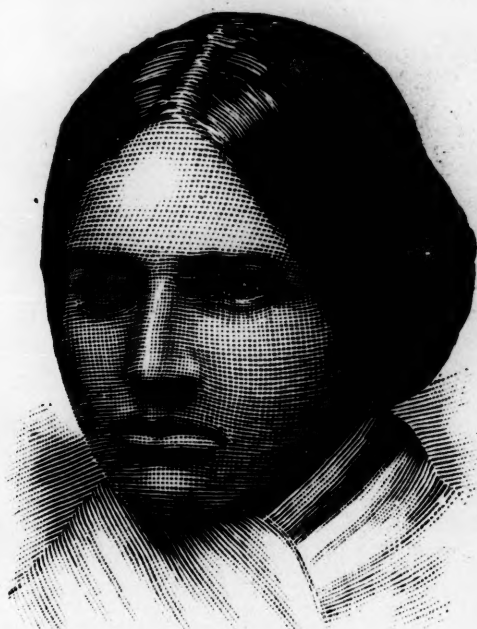
"The water is not a bit chilly, dear," was the exclamation of a tall, buxom-looking blonde attired in a dark-blue bathing suit trimmed in red, as she held out her hand invitingly to her companion, a petite maiden, who stood hesitatingly on the beach at Atlantic City.

"Well, here I come," said the doubtful bather, and with several dainty jumps she reached the outstretched arms of her friend. In a moment both had turned their right shoulders against a breaker which was about to roll over them. For a quarter of an hour these brave sea nymphs sported in the water gleefully, attesting by their antics that they were comfortable. A crowd had gathered on the beach to see the first women bathers of the season, and as far as known the first on the Atlantic coast. When the dripping maidens walked leisurely to the beach and buried themselves in a mound of sand they were instantly surrounded by a group of ladies who somewhat annoyed the bathers with foolish questions. They avoided any extended dissertation on early bathing, answering questions in monosyllables, giving their experience in the few expressive words: "The water is pleasant, if not delightful."

The young ladies who have set the whole island agog are Miss Elizabeth Price and her friend, Miss Marian E. Smith, of Philadelphia, ladies who are both guests at the Seaside House. The young ladies are both pretty.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.



Sophie Elkins, alias Lyons.

Sophie, the daughter of a receiver of stolen goods known to the police as "Old Elkin the Fence," was married some twenty-five years ago to Ned Lyons, the notorious bank burglar. At that time she was about fourteen years old. After her marriage she blossomed out as an industrious shoplifter, and managed to get into prison several times. Some fourteen years ago Lyons and his wife went to Europe and remained two years. They took some money with them and got hold of some while there. All of which they squandered freely. After their return to this country they took up shoplifting and burglary in the old way, and divided their time between imprisonment and such freedom as the attentions of the police allowed them. Lyons served a term in a Connecticut prison for burglary, and he is now in State prison in Massachusetts. Five or six years ago Sophie Lyons was lost sight of by the police.

On June 2, the detective in Koch & Son's store in Sixth avenue saw a woman conceal a piece of silk under her wrap. He marched her to the elevator intending to take her up stairs and have her searched. The woman protested her innocence. She was hastily dressed in black, and showed traces of once having been a beautiful woman.

"Young man," she said, "do you know who I am? You are making a terrible mistake, and you shall suffer for this insult."

Those who heard the woman began to think the detective had been hasty in suspecting her, but just as the elevator was entered the silk dropped from the woman's cloak. She was taken to the Thirtieth street station, and afterward to the Tombs. She gave her name as Kate Wilson, aged twenty-nine, and said she was a dressmaker in Harlem.

At her trial in the Special Sessions it was discovered that she was the notorious thief and shoplifter, "Sophie" Lyons. She was convicted and sentenced to six months in the penitentiary. Of late she has become addicted to the opium habit.

The Female Drunkards of Chicago.

To see a girl reeling in the streets of Chicago is no uncommon spectacle. It is one, too, which is becoming more and more frequent, for the drinking habit among girls and women, and even among those who are recognized as ladies, is alarmingly on the increase. There are hundreds of places of a public nature in Chicago where every afternoon and evening one may see women drinking. It can be said of both the women and the places that some are called respectable, some not.

The resorts where women of the class referred to go to do their drinking possess various degrees of respectability, or, as many would prefer to say, disreputability. The proprietors of a few of them are extremely vigilant in excluding all improper characters and, it must be admitted, succeed fairly well. A separate room is usually provided for ladies, and for ladies accompanied by gentlemen. Gentlemen are not allowed to make acquaintances there through flirting, and are not even allowed to enter the room alone. Such is the rule, but of course it is impossible to prevent its occasional violation, as it is also to exclude every improper character. A close watch is kept, however, and any impropriety in speech or conduct is promptly rebuked, and if repeated the offenders are requested to leave and not return again. The character of these places is pretty well understood, and few who are not wanted in them attempt to enter them.

Then there are places whose proprietors, and, it may be added, whose patrons, too, are not so particular. One may find in them both disreputable female characters and those who pass for respectable members of society. They sit an hour or more at a time at the tables drinking and chatting, their tongues, with each successive glass of liquor, becoming more and more loosened and their conversation and manner less circumspect. Acquaintances are easily formed in such places. Women who are all propriety in their homes accept readily the advances of good looking strangers and while honestly believing that they are simply having a "jolly time" and "lots of quiet fun" court a danger which ruins hundreds of characters and breaks up hundreds of homes every year. The career they have entered upon can not usually continue long on a level. They must quit or they are dragged down to ruin. Their husbands find out their habits, and in many cases learn also that their wives, while reckless under the influence of liquor, have been led astray. A separation, a divorce, and the entrance of the woman on a life of shame is then the general rule. This is not a fancy sketch. The police know many an abandoned woman in Chicago who took her first downward steps in the exact manner described.

But married women are not the only ones who are taking to the drinking habit. Young girls may often be seen in the resorts referred to. The last young men they associate with take them there at first "just for a



A soda water booze.

glass of wine." Going to such places comes to have a fascination for them. Many a girl in Chicago has taken "too much" in some one of these places, and came to her sober senses only to realize with anguish and bitter tears that the line of virtue and self-respect has been passed. After that the tendency is rapidly downward. Some bear up heroically under their terrible consciousness of disgrace, and sin no more. Many such have turned squarely back, led exemplary lives, married, and are now faithful wives and happy but for a hidden sorrow in their heart which they cannot drive out. But many continue their way downward, and in time recruit the ranks of the inmates of disreputable houses or take their places among the brazen, shameless number who dodge the police, solicit on the dark street corners, and take a ride occasionally to the police station in a patrol wagon.

When women or girls arrive at this stage, or perhaps a short time before they reach such degradation, they frequent the lowest order of drinking places in Chicago open to both sexes. Among these are the "dago shops" or Italian restaurants. Chicago is cursed with a hundred or more of these dens. Drunkenness and vile language here meet with no rebuke, and are of almost hourly occurrence.

The girls and young ladies who drop in occasionally with their escorts to drink in the more pretentious resorts are, for the most part, well dressed and well behaved. Some are girls who are still in school. Some are living in idleness in comfortable homes. Many are from the vast number of those who are employed in stores, offices or other work during the day, and some come in from the country. There are girls living in the suburbs, even in saintly Evanston, and in towns as far out as Janesville and Rockford, who



Separate rooms.

come into the city occasionally expressly to have a "lark," a "time," or whatever else it may be best to call it. There are married women, too, who come in from outside towns with the same purpose. Almost invariably they have some travelling man or other acquaintance in the city who meets them and shares, and usually directs their revels, be they light or serious.

A few weeks ago there was seen on Madison street about 11 o'clock at night a girl of seventeen who was recognized as a pupil in one of the public schools. She was so intoxicated that she staggered right to left despite the efforts of her escort to keep her steady. She could not have taken a dozen steps alone without falling helplessly to the pavement. Her escort was taking her in a direction directly opposite to that of her home.

One night last week a girl, who two years ago was working soberly and industriously in one of the hotels in the city, was seen going south in a Cottage Grove car alone at one o'clock in the morning in such a state of intoxication that she could not keep from lopping over in a stupor on the shoulder of the person sitting next to her. One of the dining-room girls at the same hotel a year ago is now a daily visitor at one of the most notorious drinking resorts in the city, and the constant companion of men of loose morals. A few months ago two girls from Janesville, Wis., came to Chicago under the pretense of visiting a friend. They did not go near their friend's house, but were on a continual "spree" for two days and nights with two strange young men, whose acquaintance they made on the street. About the same time a remarkably pretty girl of eighteen, whose father held a responsible position in a town about forty miles from the city, was found in one of the business blocks here one afternoon so drunk she could not walk without assistance. She had a bottle of whisky in her pocket, and while efforts were being made to care for her insisted on taking a drink from it every few minutes. She came into the city to visit a married sister.

A WESTERN EDITOR SHOT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Dr. Morrison Munford, editor of the Kansas City Times, was shot and seriously wounded by W. D. Carille, a lawyer of that city, on the afternoon of June 14. At the same time two bystanders were fatally wounded by Carille, who fired into the crowd while endeavoring to make his escape. The tragedy was the outgrowth of articles recently published in the Times, in which it was stated that Carille had been unduly intimate with a young lady named Crute, whom he had induced to leave her home and live with his family.

At 5:30 o'clock Dr. Munford entered a cable car at the junction and was soon followed by Carille, who, approaching him, said: "You have killed my wife," at the same time drawing a revolver and firing at Dr. Munford. The bullet struck Munford in the left side, ranged across the abdomen a distance of 6 or 7 inches, and lodged just under the skin. Dr. Munford reached for his revolver, but could not get it in time to shoot his murderous assailant.

After Carille fired at his victim he jumped from the car and fired four more shots, two of which took effect on bystanders. Dr. Munford was removed to Dr. McDonald's office immediately after the shooting, where an examination of his wound showed that the bullet had not penetrated a vital part. It made an ugly wound, however.

One of the other two persons shot was John E. Hall, of the firm of R. Stollen & Co., stock commission men of The Bottoms. Mr. Hall as soon as he was shot rushed from the car with his face covered with blood and was conducted to a doctor's office half a



A dago den.

square away. He was fully conscious and was able to converse, but it was the opinion of several physicians present that his wound was more serious than he supposed. The bullet entered the right cheek within half an inch of the nostril, making a ghastly wound. Miss Jennie Streeter, Carille's third victim, was shot in the left breast, but not fatally wounded.

Carille was arrested immediately after the shooting, and no sooner was the nature of the occurrence known by the crowd than they expressed threats of lynching. Carille refuses to talk. Neither will he say anything about the causes leading to the tragedy.

SHE WAS A DAISY.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A POLICE GAZETTE correspondent, writing from Melrose, Montana, says: "I give you what I witnessed two days ago in our little but sporting town, some thirty miles from Butte City. A shooting contest was arranged between a wealthy stock man and J. P. McKinzie, a champion shot of the Rockies, stakes \$100. The time was fixed for the contest and quite a crowd of ladies and gentlemen had gathered in the city square to witness it. As the hour drew near the assemblage was astonished to see the wife of the wealthy stock man, a young handsome brunette, leading two fine spirited black horses into the arena. She was sportsmanly dressed, a jauntily-arranged sailor's cap on her head, and a 32-repeating rifle lying in her arms. She announced publicly that she would stake the two horses against the hundred dollars already up, and shoot instead of her husband. Mr. John M. Hench, a prominent and handsome young attorney of the place, who had a few days before gained notoriety by having a hand to hand scuffle with a powerful half-breed Indian, who is now in the Butte City jail, and saved the life of an aged gentleman whom the Indian aimed to shoot, refused to allow the lady to shoot on general principles, Mr. Hench being McKinzie's backer. On solicitation of her husband the match was arranged.



Could not walk without assistance.

The handsome shootist had the odds against the males, but she lost by one-eighth of an inch, best out of five, string measure. The shooting was close, McKinzie making six-eighths of an inch, and the lady seven-eighths of an inch. She promptly took the two horses, and in handing the ribbons over to Mr. Hench she made some very scholarly and appropriate remarks. Mr. Hench blushed and thanked her in an eloquent manner, and the affair ended.

OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



P. A. Van Tassel has recently been delighting the good people of the Pacific Coast by his wonderful aerial ascensions away above the clouds. He will shortly attempt a transcontinental voyage from San Francisco to some point in the East. We hope he'll get here.

Agnes Herndon.

We publish in this week's paper, a charming likeness of Miss Agnes Herndon, the young Virginian tragedienne, who is related, by marriage connections, to ex-President Arthur.

Albo Miller.

In this issue we publish a capital portrait of Albo Miller, a rising young pugilist, born in Birmingham, England, Sept. 3, 1864, who is now a resident of Kansas City, Mo., where he is prepared to make a match with any 120-pound fighter in America.

The "Police Gazette" Bicycle Medal.

The "Police Gazette" bicycle medal, representing the 20-mile championship of America, a costly and beautiful trophy, is offered by Richard K. Fox for competition. Rules governing the trophy were recently published in this paper. The trophy is valued at \$250, and is the most valuable prize ever offered for a bicycle contest.

Ed. B. Harper.

Brother Harper made his first appearance in the old Bowery theatre in this city, as call boy in 1851, and worked his way up to be one of the greatest delineators of Southern plantation negro characters on the stage of his day. He has been connected with all the big shows for the last two generations, and is now hale and hearty at the age of seventy-one.

The Slayers of Arnold.

Last week we published a good portrait of Ben Brown, the convicted murderer of old man Arnold, near his house in the vicinity of the Belle Meade Farm, outside of Nashville, Tenn. On another page in this issue we publish the pictures of Bill Brown and Nelson Joslin, who are also accused as part slayers in the same crime. Their trial will soon come off, and conviction to full extent of the law seems to be their fate.

Don Antonio Sanchez.

This clever gentleman is the sergeant-at-arms of the novel sporting club known as the "Whoo! Whoo!" at Santa Maria, Santa Barbara county, Cal. At the last big gathering of this happy society they used gunny sacks for napkins, potatoes for candlesticks, and had a dinner service which was made of tinware. The oddity of the occasion was greatly assisted by the presence of the jolly Don Antonio, who carried off the honors of the evening by many festive hits.

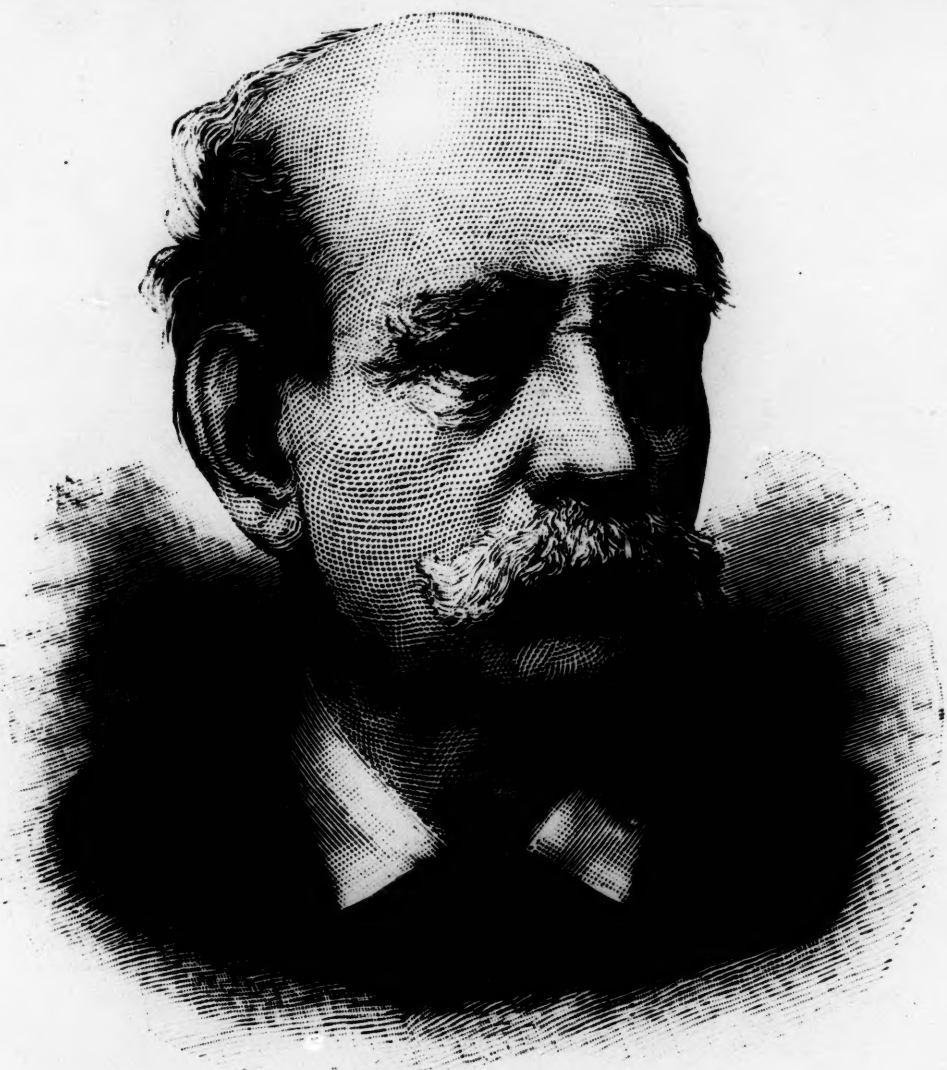
Sam Kingsburgh.

Samuel Kingsburgh, better known as "Lightning Sam," of Kingston, N. Y., who claims the title of champion boothjack in the State, has issued a challenge of \$100 to back his claim. He wears a gold medal presented to him by a number of gentlemen for his bravery in rescuing a drowning boy from the Rondout Creek, during a heavy freshet. He bears his honors meekly and is a quiet and unassuming lad. The following citizens know him to be a worthy shiner: H. A. Smith, S. E. Jacobs, R. Thorne, A. Hynes, Chas. Brodhead, Geo. W. Dumond, Louis Meyer, D. M. Halahan, M. J. Moran, Weller, N. Y.: Wm. Lawton, John N. Huber, Gerard L. McEntee, A. J. Weaver, E. J. Martin, Dr. Geo. Hotelling, James Tongue, Jr., J. Hasbrouck, George Miller, Mr. John Jall, Kingston, N. Y.: Chas. Malenbeiber, W. B. Beck, P. M. Gillig, Isaac F. Mererean, Harry Trempon, David Hetterhau.

It is announced that Agnes Robertson has brought another suit for divorce against Dion Boucicault in London. Mr. Boucicault was served with the papers immediately on his arrival with Louise Thorndyke, the lady whom he recently married in Australia. It appears that the lady whom he should call Mrs. Boucicault, that is to say Agnes Robertson, was, so to speak, forced into this position by her children. They have bitterly felt the slight put upon them by their father through his marriage with another woman.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE, FOR OVERWORKED FEMALES.

Dr. J. F. Cowan, Ashland, O., says: "It proves satisfactory as a nerve tonic; also in dyspeptic conditions of the stomach, with general debility, such as we find in overworked females, with nervous headache and its accompaniments."



ED. R. HARPER,

THE OLDEST LIVING DELINEATOR OF PLANTATION NEGRO CHARACTERS ON THE AMERICAN STAGE.

Counterfeiters Captured.

The United States deputy marshals of Columbus, Ohio, on the night of June 10 succeeded in capturing two members of a gang of counterfeiters who have been operating in the vicinity of New Straltaville, Perry county. The house of Louisa Ashbaugh, three miles from that city, was surrounded, and the men were captured as they attempted to break away. Their names are J. A. Brown and George Miller, alias Berry. Brown is an old man, and has served about half

his life for a similar crime, and is rated as being one of the most expert counterfeiters in the country. They were brought to Columbus and will be arraigned on Tuesday. Several complete sets of tools for the manufacture of the spurious coin were captured, together with several hundred unfinished new standard dollars and fractional coin. The article which they have manufactured has received an extensive circulation in Perry county, and it was at the instance of the business men of the towns, who are great losers, that the officers were called upon to fer-



AGNES HERNDON,

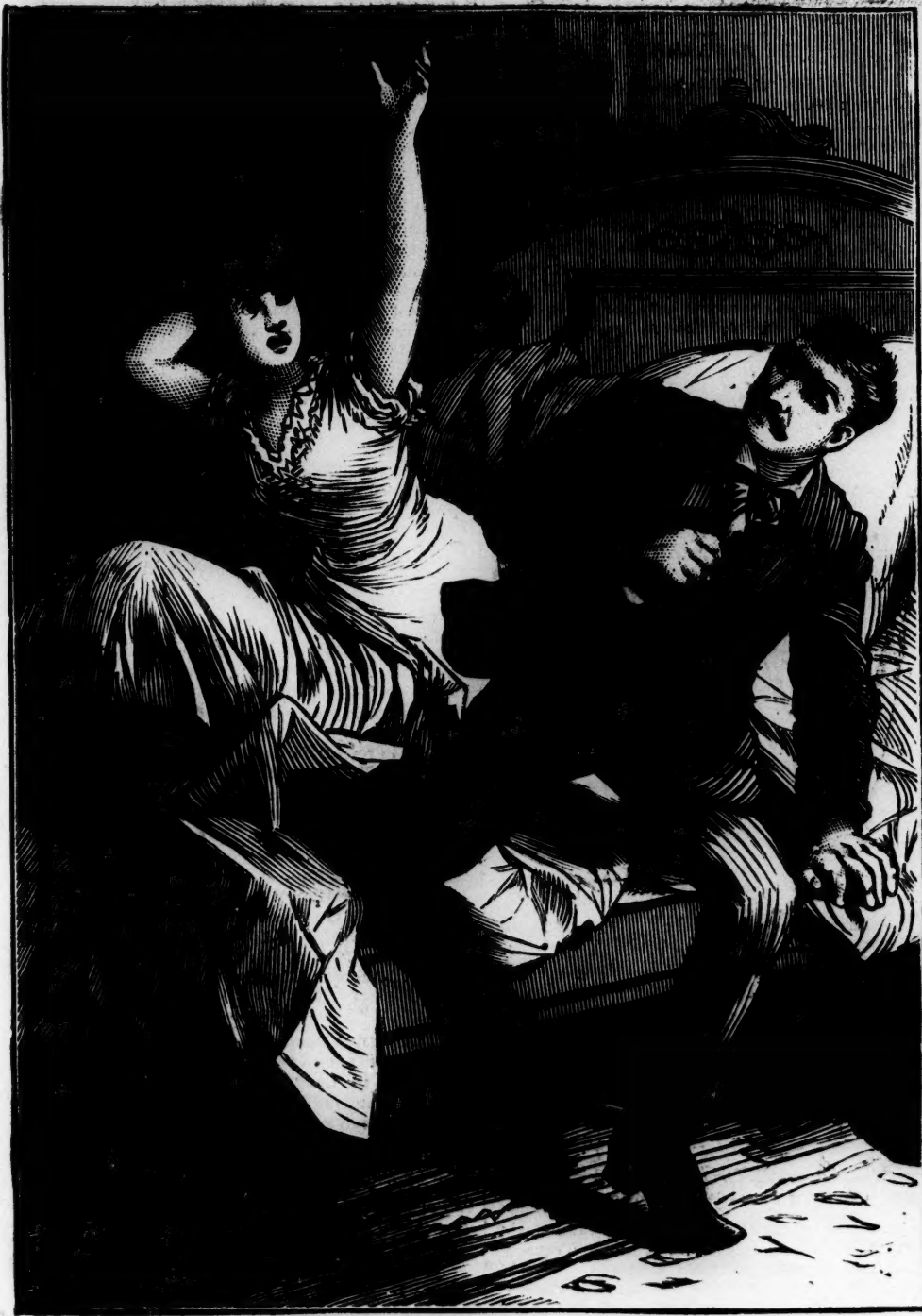
THE HANDSOME YOUNG SOUTHERN ACTRESS WHO IS DISTANTLY RELATED TO EX-PRESIDENT ARTHUR.

ret out the source of the manufacture. A diligent search is being made for other members of the party who have been engaged in the work.

Killed By a Negro.

Citizens living along the river bank, near Elizabethtown, Ill., were startled by hearing the report of a pistol in the direction of a barge lying near the steamboat landing June 11. Upon examination as to the cause of the shot it was learned that a negro named Bill Jack-

son had shot and killed a white man named Williams, who was watchman on the barge. It appears that both men were intoxicated and became involved in a quarrel, and Jackson was ordered to go ashore, when he drew a pistol and fired, the ball taking effect in Williams' head, causing death in a few minutes. Considerable excitement prevailed over the affair, as this is the third murder within the last three months. A lynching is expected, and it is feared if a mob visits the jail Jackson will not be the only one disposed of.



HE GAVE HIMSELF AWAY.

BUGGLAR VICKERY BETRAYS HIMSELF IN SACRAMENTO, CAL., BY HUGGING A PRETTY SLEEPER WHILE COMMITTING ROBBERY.



HUNG BY ITS CRIB-STRAP.

THE CHILD OF EDWARD J. CRAIG OF FRANKLIN, INDIANA, COMES TO A SAD AND SUDDEN DEATH.



AN IDAHO EPISODE.

PEARL VAUGHN, OF MURRAY, IDAHO, HAS AN EXCITING ADVENTURE WITH THE SHERIFF.



DANGLING TO DEATH.

JOSEPH CASSEL, A WESTERN UNION LINEMAN HAS A CLOSE SHAVE FOR HIS LIFE FORTY FEET ABOVE A HARLEM SIDEWALK.



DRUNK IN THE COOLER.

FOUR PRISONERS, LOCKED UP IN A CELL AT AMESBURY, MASS., GET FULL ON A KEG OF CIDER.



A FOOL AND HIS POLLY.

ORANGE TERRELL, OF TERRELL, TEXAS, AFTER SHOOTING HIS SWEETHEART AND HIS RIVAL IS HIMSELF KILLED IN TURN.



AN OPEN-AIR SHAVE.

HOW JAKE ZIMMER, A BARBER OF BROWNE STREET, CINCINNATI, DODGED THE CONSTABLE.



IT RUNS IN THE FAMILY.

JERE SULLIVAN, COUSIN OF THE WORLD'S CHAMPION, CARRIES TWO BARS OF RAILROAD IRON AT WHEELING, ALA.

MASHERS.

They Come to Dismal Grief at
Coney Island and
Chicago.

TWO OF A KIND.

Mrs. Busky and Mrs. Robb are Insulted
by a Pair of Fools But After-
ward Get Square.

John S. Busky, although not a large man, is the best all-round athlete on Coney Island. He is the agent there for Henry Bergh's society. The athlete is the proprietor of two shoe stores in New York, one at 64 Fulton street and the other at 29 Cortlandt street, and owns a large amount of real estate on Coney Island. His wife has the reputation of being the prettiest young woman in the vicinity. She is only twenty-seven years old,



Mrs. Busky.

has a handsome face, a graceful form and a most charming manner. For a number of years Mr. and Mrs. Busky have spent their summers at the Island, and this season they are at Bader's Hotel, on Ocean avenue, just off the Concourse.

Mrs. Busky went out for a walk on the beach one pleasant afternoon about a week ago, and in the pavilion overlooking the sea, at the foot of Ocean avenue, she was annoyed by the attentions of a well dressed man, apparently about forty years old. He stared at her and seemed on the point of speaking; when she retraced her steps to the hotel. He followed her, and, inquiring of one of the bell boys at the hotel, found out her name. The following day Mrs. Busky received a letter from the stranger, filled with endearing terms and asking for an early interview. He signed himself Charles Barrett, and directed that an answer be sent him to a certain number in Wall street.

The letter was shown to Mr. Busky and he was told of the stranger who had been so annoying in the pavilion. He decided to call on the offender forthwith, and he took the very next train up to New York, but when he went to the number indicated by the note, in Wall street, he found it was only a telegraph office. The young man in charge did not know where "Charles Barrett's" messages went to, but thought Mr. Barrett generally called for them in person. Mr. Busky waited about the place for a time and then went away without having accomplished his purpose.

A second letter came to Mrs. Busky from the same stranger on Saturday. In it he stated that he had



She is accosted by a stranger.

fallen deeply in love with her at sight and that he found it impossible to keep his thoughts from her. He begged that in the name of heaven she would grant him just a few minutes in her presence. Mr. Busky read the letter and sent the following telegram to the address directed:

BADER'S HOTEL, CONEY ISLAND.
June 5, 1896.

DEAR MR. BARRETT: You may come down at once and meet me at the hotel. MRS. BUSKY.

Having sent out the decoy Mr. Busky sat down on the veranda and awaited developments. About 4 o'clock a tall young man in a high hat and light trousers came strolling up the avenue. He answered the description of the annoying stranger exactly. The athletic young man met him at the door and escorted him to a parlor.

"Is Mrs. Busky in?" asked the stranger, advancing and tipping his hat.
"Mrs. Busky?" queried the husband. "I believe we have such a young woman stopping here. Shall I take up your card?"
"I'll write my name on a piece of paper," said the



The false address.

stranger, which he presently did. Mr. Busky himself carried it up to his wife. She was armed with a heavy five-foot riding whip, and was all ready to sweep down and be revenged. Mr. and Mrs. Busky came briskly down stairs together. As the young woman entered the parlor the stranger arose and was about to introduce himself, when the riding whip was flashed out from the folds of a black silk dress she wore. Advancing towards the object of her wrath she cut and slashed him unmercifully till the blood poured in little streams from his face. Each cut left its mark. At the fifth blow the stranger made a sudden rush for the street and was followed up with half a score of lesser blows across his shoulders. Up to this time Mr. Busky had not interfered, but as he saw the enemy escaping so easily his sporting blood began to boil up and he resolved to give chase. He pursued his visitor across a garden plot, through a boggy field and over a high fence, and though he is a trained sprint runner the stranger managed to keep his lead and got away. How he ever got back to New York is not known, but certain it is that he did not enter any of the depots.

"I think he is a broker," said Mr. Busky. "He is just like one of those natty, fly boys up in Wall street. He's one of those regulation bald-headed, front-row



Mr. Barrett.

masHERS that think they're just about the right stuff and that everybody is dead stuck on 'em. I bet he won't come flitting about here again in a hurry."

Mr. Bader, proprietor of the hotel, has arranged the whip which Mr. Busky used with other peculiar ornaments on the wall of his "Mikado" parlor.

Another Case—in Chicago.

Another of these interesting little episodes occurred



Exit Mr. Barrett.

at the Palmer House, Chicago, the other morning. Mr. John Robb, the business manager of Gus Williams' company, playing at the Columbia, and his wife had been stopping at the hotel since the company reached

town. Mrs. Robb is of prepossessing appearance. She was passing out of the hotel by the Monroe street entrance Monday morning, and on being obsequiously bowed to by a strange man, fashionably attired, returned the salutation, thinking it might possibly be an acquaintance whom she did not at the moment recognize. She was passing on, when the stranger placed himself directly in front of her and delivered himself of an insulting remark. Mrs. Robb turned aside indignantly, and the stranger left the hotel at a rapid gait.

A bystander who witnessed the affair informed Mr. Robb of the matter, and the angry husband left the hotel on a run in pursuit of his enemy, whom he overtook at the corner of Wabash avenue and Monroe street. Mr. Robb is small but wiry, while his antagonist, it is said, towered above him. The irate pursuer seized his victim firmly by the coat collar and yelled:

"You rascal! you insulted my wife, and if you don't get down on your knees and beg her pardon, I'll kill you."

At the same time he flourished an aggressive looking pocketknife in uncomfortable proximity to the masher's face. The latter capitulated on demand, and pale, but reserved, marched back to the hotel with his captor, who escorted him to Mrs. Robb's room, where he knelt and humbly begged forgiveness. This done, Mr. Robb allowed him to depart, first, however, it is said, slapping his face by way of farewell. The elegantly-attired stranger thereupon left with more speed than dignity, but succeeded in concealing his identity, no one who witnessed the affair appearing to know him.

AN IDAHO EPISODE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On Upper Main street, Murray Idaho, on Sunday week, there was an exciting scene between Sheriff



The rawhide appears.

Guthrie and Pearl Vaughn, a woman of the town. An eye witness states that the sheriff struck or slapped her. She rushed into an adjoining saloon and secured a revolver, but it was taken from her. She then went to her residence on South First street, secured a pistol and returned to Main street in search of the sheriff, but Deputy Sheriff John Hurley intercepted her on Dutch Jake's corner and she put the revolver to his breast and kept him at bay. She turned and went into Rammelmeyer & Seelig's saloon. Mr. Hurley following, and she again pointed the revolver at his breast, where she held it and backed out into the street, when Hurley also drew his revolver, evidently to be prepared for any emergency. They occupied the position of duellists for half a minute or so, when Constable Wittner crept up behind the woman and suddenly caught hold of her. In the embrace the woman's arm was bent downward and the revolver discharged. Fortunately no one was injured. The deputy also closed in on the enraged woman and finally wrested the weapon from her hand. She was taken to jail with considerable difficulty, where she went into serious hysterics, and it was necessary to send for a physician and put her under the influence of opiates. Later in the evening she was conveyed to her residence, where, it was reported, she was taken very sick. The affair stirred up the feeling of the town to the highest pitch, but as no bodily harm was done the excitement was pretty well quieted next day.

About 9 o'clock the same night the woman left her room, which overlooks Pritchard creek, jumped into the mad current and was swept under the bridge to a point immediately above the dam, where she appeared to have recovered consciousness from the effects of the icy bath, and struggled to reach the shore. In this she succeeded before the astonished workmen at the Coeur d'Alene Brewery could render assistance. She emerged from the water like a ghost, only having a



Mrs. Robb.

home, where she fell into another fit and appealed piteously for protection. Her escape from a watery grave was miraculous, as the creek is very high and rapid.

A FLOURY RECEPTION.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Moody & Waters, pie manufacturers, corner Lake and Green streets in Chicago, employ about one hundred girls, thirty of whom live in the flat above the bakery, under the care of a housekeeper. On the evening of the 20th ult. one of them, who is known as Miss Nellie, attended the Salvation Army meeting and there met C. Wallace MacGill, a young man with dudish habits and dress, who is connected with a Chicago railroad company and who prides himself on being a great "lady killer." The services at the army over, they adjourned to a summer garden, where they disposed of beer and ice cream. At last the young lady desired to go home and C. Wallace insisting, she finally consented that he could accompany her. Arriving at the bakery she bade him good night and, planting a kiss upon his cheek, skipped lightly up the steps. To this C. Wallace objected, and catching her tightly about the waist, declared that where she was he must be also and if she entered the house he would, too. She told him that she would go in and throw a rope out of her chamber window to him and no one would be the wiser. To this he agreed, and for several moments he stood with his eyes fixed on the window. Suddenly the window was opened and a girlish voice cried out, "Are you there, darling?" "Yes!" was the quick answer; "drop the rope." The rope did not drop, however, but instead a large sack of flour rained down upon the astonished dude, and as he picked



Apologize!

himself up and attempted to brush the flour from his broadcloth she said, "Don't be too fresh next time," and closed the window with a bang.

CONSPIRATORS IN HOT WATER.

A systematic and heartless conspiracy to rob a young girl—an orphan—of honor, good name and money has just been discovered, and the guilty persons will be made to suffer. About three or four months ago Effie Rogers, of Parker township, Illinois, had Lovell Briscoe, a young blood of that vicinity, arrested for bastardy. She is only seventeen years old, not overly bright, and lives with her guardian, L. Mosier. Briscoe did not deny being the father of the babe born to Miss Rogers, and employed a lawyer named Pratt to settle the case for him. Miss Rogers employed a Mr. Richards to conduct her case, agreeing, so Richards says, to pay him \$50 for his services in case he succeeded in compromising for \$250. Briscoe agreed to the compromise, and paid Richards \$100 in cash. He then gave three notes for \$50 each, payable in six, twelve and eighteen months, but with the provision that they were, if the child died, to be null and void, thus placing a price on the child's life. Richards kept \$50 of the \$100, gave Pratt \$35, and Miss Rogers the sum of \$15. Then, to crown all, the notes were given back to Briscoe. He had her receipt in full and his notes in his own possession, thus giving Miss Rogers only \$13, instead of \$250. But one thing was forgotten by the conspirators—Miss Rogers was and is yet a minor, hence her receipt is of no account. Briscoe was again arrested, and was glad to get off by paying another \$100 in cash. Pratt has been indicted for embezzlement, and the prosecuting attorney states that Richards will be. Thus the whole gang will receive their merited punishment.

AN UMBRELLA FIGHT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

We illustrate this week the amusing contest which took place recently in the Windsor Hotel between Bankers Isidor Wormser and Lavanberg.

The Mouth-Harmonica soloists are gradually blowing themselves off on vaudeville programmes, and even the serio-comics seem to have thinned out wonderfully of late, but "me and me partner" in the song-and-dance way are still with us in liberal numbers.

"JOEL JAY."

A Remarkable Criminal Crank
Recently Arrested in
Sacramento.

HIS LITTLE GAME.

Betrayed As a Burglar By His Treat-
ment of His Female Victims.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A burglar arrested recently by Officers Felley and Avers for burglarizing the house of Sabe Harris, on Twelfth and Harrison streets, Sacramento, and who gave the name of Joel Jay, has been identified as Herman Vickery, who was sent up from Yreka for burglary. He was subsequently pardoned and went to San Francisco, where he was again convicted of burglary and sentenced in 1876 to fifteen years at San Quentin. Under the Goodwin act he only served nine years and six months, being discharged on the 10th inst. He immediately came to Sacramento and commenced operations. It has been ascertained that he burglarized the houses of Messrs. Murphy and Brown, on Alice street. It is also supposed that he is the man who robbed the poor boxes in St. Anthony's church and choked a servant girl at the residence of Mrs. Turner, corner of Ninth and Alice streets. The police have abundant evidence to convict the prisoner, and as Vickery is fifty years of age he will probably pass the remainder of his days in the State Prison.

Vickery is a remarkable criminal. His career, if faithfully written, would cause the accusation that the writer had left the realm of biography and wandered into the illusive field of romance. Rather more than ten years ago Vickery committed a series of burglaries, which were all fastened on him by his exhibition of the same mania which he displayed during his late raids upon the households of Oakland. He was in the habit, after robbing a house, of seeking the bedrooms of the female members of the family and, unless disturbed, would kiss and fondle them. On two or three occasions he got into bed beside a sleeping woman, and when she would awaken would hastily escape by a route which he always left open. On one occasion a husband, awakened by a slight disturbance, found Vickery in bed beside his wife, and on giving chase Vickery escaped with plunder he had already got together. This and a lot of similar instances were suppressed at the time of the trial to save the feelings of the very respectable victims of his peculiar mania. Strange to say, Vickery never attempted further outrage upon the women.

Just prior to his capture he burglarized a house owned by a Mr. Owens, who chased him and shot him. For this he always cherished the most vindictive hate against Owens, declaring that Owens' life was never in danger and that he wantonly tried to kill a fellow creature; but the fact is that Vickery did turn round and fire at Owens when pursued, shooting him clear through the body. Capt. Lees found three giant powder cartridges in Vickery's valise at the time of his capture, which the prisoner said he had got to blow up Owens for shooting him. Policeman Burke, a fine, athletic man, who chased and caught Vickery at this time, says that he fired four other shots at him during the chase, but that Vickery paid no attention to them. When he overtook the burglar he knotted him down and put the handcuffs on him, and then asked him if he was shot. "Oh, hell," replied Vickery, "I could stand that kind of shooting all day." After his arrest the police found two sacks full of silverware in the belfry of a church where Vickery had hidden them. He was sentenced to fifteen years in San Quentin.

He had not been in San Quentin long before he was guilty of violent insubordination. The prisoners were in line, waiting to be paid off the little money that the State gave them for good work. Vickery, who worked in the carpenter's shop, was accused by the captain of the yard of attempting to repeat by returning to the line after he had once been paid. Vickery denied this, saying that the offender was some one else, and finally wound up by calling Capt. Edgar a liar. For this he was put into the dark cell and all his good conduct credits taken away. Then all the evil in the man's nature seemed to be aroused, and he swore he would kill Capt. Edgar at the first opportunity. For this he was flogged, so it is said, but there seems to be some question about that; at any rate, he was treated to the worst prison discipline and kept in a dark cell in solitary confinement. This was just before or at the beginning of Warden Ames' management of the prison, and when Ames had been there about a year one of the charges made against him was that he had kept a man in a dark dungeon for more than a year. The committee on investigation appointed by Gov. Perkins called Vickery before them and asked him how long he had been in the dark cell.

"Sixteen months, as near as I can tell," was his reply.

"What were you put in the dungeon for?"

"For saving I'd kill the captain of the yard the first chance I got," replied Vickery, as unconcerned as if the killing of a jailer were an everyday occurrence with him.

"Why do you want to kill Captain Edgar?" was asked.

"Because he took advantage of his position to wrong me."

"But don't you know that he was only doing his duty?"

"I know that I was not the man," answered Vickery, "and he knows it now, but he is not man enough to admit that he committed a fault."

"Now, Vickery," said W. H. Mills, one of the committee, gently and kindly, "if you will promise not to hurt the captain, perhaps Warden Ames might consent to let you go outside again."

Vickery looked over to where Ames stood, and said quietly: "Warden Ames, you have always treated me kindly; I have got nothing to say against you. I suppose you are only doing your duty; but I am no liar, and I won't say I'm not going to kill the captain because I am. You can keep me in that cell as long as you please, but that man wronged me and I'll kill him."

Vickery was taken back to his dungeon, but his firmness, nerve and apparent truthfulness made a deep impression on the committee, and Mr. Robert Watt went to his cell later on and urged him to become an obedient prisoner and retract his threats. Warden Ames said he had so much confidence in Vickery's truthfulness that if he would promise not to hurt the captain he would restore him to his old status, but neither threats nor kindness could move him, and he remained in close confinement. The change of administration brought a change for Vickery. Captain Edgar resigning, and new officers going in, he was quietly allowed to resume his old place in the carpenter's shop. He proved to be an excellent prisoner, and the present Board of Prison Commissioners, when asked to investigate his case, came to the conclusion that some hardship had been done him. All the evidence produced before the board went to show that he was not guilty of the offense for which he was originally punished, and as the intention of the board was to show the prisoners that justice was the fundamental principle of the prison management, the credits which he had lost by his defiance of the captain and the original offense were restored to him, and at the expiration of nine years of his term of fifteen years he was released from jail by the operation of the Goodwin act.

It would appear, however, that his firmness and apparent regard for truth were no higher qualities than cranky stubbornness, and that in his case the mercy of the board was misplaced. When he left the prison he had some money and a trade—at which he could earn a living; but he returned at once to a life of crime, and renewed the practice of tampering with females, which marked his former crimes. His career in Oakland showed several instances of this. Once he lifted a young girl up in bed and kissed her. Another time he chloroformed a sleeping woman for the same purpose, and he displayed other instances of this peculiar mania. It was this that led the police to believe that he was Vickery, but when Detective Coffey charged him with the fact he stoutly denied his identity. Years of prison life had no changed him that identification was very difficult, but by certain marks his identity was made clear. He is one of the most desperate criminals that ever lived, and his coolness is as remarkable as his crankiness and apparent disregard of consequences.

DANGLING HIGH IN MID AIR.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Joseph Cassel, a lineman, twenty-two years of age, in the employ of the Western Union Telegraph Company, started up a lofty telegraph pole, between Lexington and Third avenues, in One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street, at 3 P. M. the other day. His intention was to fasten some new wires to the topmost cross-tree. He mounted the pole in a leisurely manner, bearing his tools in a bag on his left shoulder, and when he got to the top he balanced himself for a moment while he reached around with his right hand to get the bag of tools.

The spike which he had driven into the pole and on which he mainly rested must have given way, for suddenly he crashed downward through the network of wires and landed astride the second cross-tree. The force of his descent was so great that the strong bar of wood snapped off short. The obstruction proved sufficient, however, to give him a chance to throw his right arm over a number of the wires, and in this way he hung, supporting himself as well as possible on the left by clinging to the stump of the cross-tree. He had hurt his left leg badly in his fall of six feet from the top cross-tree, and as he swung in the air forty feet above the pavement, his wounded leg became entangled in some of the lower wires and was badly strained. But Cassel was full of nerve, and did not mind the pain as he clung for life to stump and wires.

In the meantime a large crowd had gathered in the street below. Several persons rushed into the Western Union office, only a few doors away, and told Geo. Fitzgerald, another lineman, of Cassel's predicament. Several others rushed to the house of Hook and Ladder Company 14, near Fourth avenue, and breathlessly yelled to the firemen to bring over their ladders. While these things were being done, the crowd below, which had grown tremendous in proportions, entirely blocking travel, yelled itself hoarse in its admonitions to Cassel, ordering him to "hold on for dear life." Several times, as Cassel swayed to and fro on the sagging wires, and his hold on the stump of the cross-tree became less secure, it seemed as though he would have to drop. But still he hung on.

Fitzgerald, as soon as he could secure a rope and some climbing spurs, came rushing to the pole and went up in lively style. The crowd below sent up cheer after cheer as they saw help coming nearer to the young lineman. They became disappointed, though, when they saw Fitzgerald pass by the dangling form of his friend and climb up to the top cross-tree. In a moment, however, they saw his purpose. Dexterously and swiftly he fastened one end of the rope around the pole and cross-tree. Then he formed a slip noose at the other end, and climbing down, drew it down over Cassel's body up to the arm pits. Then the crowd felt that at least there was no more danger, and yelled and cheered enthusiastically. By this time the Hook and Ladder Company had arrived, and quickly rigged up its ladders to where Cassel was. A fire ladder run up and got Cassel on to the ladder and released him from the rope. The rescue became near being as dangerous as the accident, for Cassel was so weak that when he tried to walk down the ladder his feet would not support him and he slipped down head over hand on the rounds. He was carried into the telegraph office, where several physicians attended him. A large dose of brandy revived him, and although his leg was badly strained he managed to walk a few steps to show that he was still alive. He was removed to his home in East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street. A crowd stood looking at the broken wires and cross-tree for several hours afterward.

HE DOUBLED UP A LUMINOUS GHOST.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A luminous ghost, eight feet tall, has been disturbing the rest of the citizens of Dodd's Hill, Orange, for several nights by its midnight antics. The so-called spectre was laid on Thursday night by a venturesome small boy who got in a liner right over the home place with a half-pound stone. The crowd, emboldened by the collapse of the giant ghost, rushed up the hill just in time to see a slim youth scale a fence and disappear in the darkness. All that was left was a broom and a sheet liberally smeared with a phosphorescent paste, which emitted a tremulous bluish glow. The animated portion of the bugaboo could not be identified.

A WIFE'S INGENUITY.

How It Enabled Her Husband to Escape a Sheriff and His Men.

Strolling about town one day I found myself at the gate of the cemetery, writes a Gallatin correspondent of the Nashville Banner. At the suggestion of a friend who was with me we entered. In meandering around my friend pointed out the grave of Charles Lewis, better known as "Fete" Lewis. Said he: "At the head of this grave comes up every year a large poke stalk." Thinking there was nothing strange that such a thing should happen, I remarked: "Well, what of it?" "Now," said he, "I am not superstitious, but this is a rather remarkable coincidence, as you will learn when I tell you that Mr. Lewis once killed a man about a poke stalk." Continuing his story, he said:

"In 1844, now forty-two years ago, during the great political canvass between the Whig and Democratic parties, Isaac Goodall, of Smith county, came to Gallatin, and was the guest and intimate friend of Mr. Lewis. During the day Lewis and Goodall were playing the violin together—both were good performers—and indulged freely in drink—looking upon the wine that maketh glad the hearts of men. In the evening they were down town, and were returning arm in arm, singing one of their favorite songs. Coming up the street to the hotel kept by Lewis they found standing on the street an ox wagon loaded with crockery ware, with a large poke stalk standing in the wagon. Lewis was a Democrat, and the poke stalk being emblematic of his faith in the Democratic party, championed then by James K. Polk, Mr. Lewis invited the owner of the wagon to take a drink to the success of the Democratic party. Goodall was a strong Whig, and remarked that if the driver left his wagon he would drive the oxen away, at the same time picking up a stone. Mr. Lewis was incensed at the conduct of his friend, and said, 'Goodall, if you do, I will shoot you,' at the same moment drawing his pistol. Goodall immediately dropped the stone and asked Lewis what he had in his hand, and before replying Lewis fired the shot, killing Goodall almost instantly. Goodall, as he fell, said, 'O, Fete! what made you do that?'"

"Lewis, without losing a moment, ran into the house, and up to the garret. Great excitement followed, the news spread rapidly, and the street was thronged with friends of both parties. The sheriff summoned twenty men to assist in arresting Lewis. Mrs. Lewis came to the sheriff, and told him that Lewis was in the garret intoxicated and heavily armed, and that it would be death to any man to mount the ladder leading to the hiding place of her husband, but if he (the sheriff) would wait until he (Lewis) sobered she would bring him down. After dark, the time appointed for her to carry out the purpose of the sheriff, she piloted the sheriff and his deputies up the staircase to where the ladder was standing. Here she requested the gentlemen to step into a room while she ascended the ladder. Once in the room she made them prisoners by locking them in, and hastening Mr. Lewis down the ladder, down the stairway, and out through the back way, and into the garden, he was free. Every light in the house was put out, according to the plans of Mrs. Lewis. Just as the alarm was given that Lewis was a negro named Bob, belonging to Mrs. Lewis, fired a pistol, and calling out, 'Here he goes,' ran in an opposite direction to that taken by Mr. Lewis, thus throwing the guards off his track. Escaping that night on a magnificent horse, procured from Esq. Thomas G. Moss, which was hitched in the back garden for that purpose, he went to Louisiana, and from there to Cuba.

Detectives were employed to work up the case, and two men were employed to shadow Mrs. Lewis, who it was thought would join her husband, but the woman's ingenuity was too much for them. She would leave for a visit to Louisville, Nashville or Cincinnati, and a detective would follow. She thus threw them off their guard, visited her husband in Louisiana, and from there went to Cuba. Tired of exile, after ten years' wandering, Lewis returned and gave himself up to the sheriff. He was arraigned, tried and acquitted by the courts. To the genius and ability of the late Hon. Joseph C. Guild, who was his lawyer, is attributed his acquittal. Guild, continued my friend, "had at that day no superiors as a criminal lawyer in Tennessee. May," said he, "not an equal."

"Mr. Lewis lived here until after the war, making a good and useful citizen. He died and was buried in his own garden, where, I am told, a poke stalk came up every year at the head of his grave. A few years ago his remains were transferred to their present location, and, as I was told, the poke stalk still comes up annually. His wife, Mrs. Mary Lewis (Aunt Polly), lies by his side, a heroic true, devoted woman. During her life she never faltered in her love and devotion to her husband in his troubles. It would be a waste of words to offer a tribute to the constancy and devotion of Mrs. Lewis, not only to her husband, but to any one who could claim her as a friend. She died about two years ago at the residence of her nephew, Dr. W. B. Tomkins, at the age of seventy-eight years."

A CRAZY CAPTAIN.

He Runs Amuck on Board a German Steamship.

When the German steamship Prinz Friedrich Carl, of Hamburg, arrived at pier 45 East River, on Sunday afternoon, says the New York Star, Capt. Gosoff Linda, who had been her commander, was not with her. He had been lost at sea. His death and the incidents which preceded it make up a terrible story. The officers and men of the Prinz Friedrich Carl were fond of their captain, but most of them felt that the voyage was continued without him, and that the ocean relieved them of a fearful dread. On the morning of April 27, at seven o'clock, as the Prinz Carl dropped anchor in Sues roads, Capt. Linda disappeared. He had been seen a few moments before sitting on the rail of the quarter deck, near the stern of the vessel. When the crew searched for him ten minutes afterward no sign of him could be found on the vessel, and he was given up for lost. The German consul and the agent of the vessel at Sues came aboard during the day and said they had seen a cap resembling a Turkish fez floating in the sea. The description of the cap answered to that worn by the captain. Everyone became satisfied that Captain Linda had been drowned, and a chief officer F. H. Stohm was made captain, and Second Mate Henry Bohm was promoted to chief officer.

The Prinz Friedrich Carl has been out from Hamburg for eight months visiting Chinese and Japanese ports, and taking on a cargo of opium and miscellaneous goods. At Singapore a young man came aboard as a passenger, and at Hong Kong a fine-looking young

woman made the second passenger. They both came to New York. Not long after the arrival of the young woman on board Capt. Linda began to manifest signs of insanity. He drank heavily, and when under the influence of liquor, and for two or three days after a spree, he was exceedingly dangerous. He would arm himself with a cutlass and pistols, which he strapped around his waist, and parade the deck, threatening to kill the entire crew. The men were frightened, and for a time a mutiny seemed probable. The fit would wear off, and Capt. Linda was again one of the kindest and most considerate of superiors. Chief Mate Bohm tells the story in the following words:

"One day I entered the saloon and found the captain in a terrible humor. Several cutlasses were near by in a locker, and for fear that he would seize one of them and injure some one I took them up in my arms and turned to walk out. The captain became more furious, and demanded the weapons after he had run to the door and locked it. Having no means of escape, I threw the swords on the floor and the captain seized one. Brandishing it over his head, he cried: 'I am going to kill you; I'm going to kill every one on board the ship.' He made a movement toward me, and bending my neck I said: 'Here, captain, kill me if you want to.' That seemed to pacify him, and he called the boy, who was cowering in a corner, to unlock the door and let me out. One day he appeared on deck with several pistols, and after frightening all the men into hiding places he fired at Chief Mate Stohm, and came near killing him.

"Capt. Linda was most attentive to the lady passenger when he was sober. It was a bright morning in the early part of April, and the sea was gently rolling under a light breeze from the south. Our female passenger was sitting aft on the quarter deck under a parasol, reading a book. The captain appeared at the head of the stairs leading down into the cabin, and when he saw the woman his demeanor changed. A pleasant look had been on his face, but now his eyes looked fierce, his face livid. He disappeared down the stairway, but sprang out a moment afterward like a tiger. The woman looked at him and screamed. Leveling a pistol at her head, he was about to fire, when the woman leaped upon him, and seizing the weapon turned the muzzle aside. Then a struggle followed, but some of us interfered and disarmed the captain. For weeks none of us felt safe. We did not know at what moment our captain would become violent and shoot or stab us. The men crept into their bunks at night trembling, and came out trembling in the morning. We knew we had a lunatic on board, and that lunatic was our captain. The day he was drowned I had been talking to him only a few minutes before he disappeared, and he seemed perfectly sane. Whether he fell off the rail accidentally or committed suicide none of us know."

Capt. Linda was thirty-five years old, and leaves a wife and two children in Hamburg.

A JEALOUS LOVER'S ACT.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Orange Terrell and Miles Henderson, of Terrell, Tex., have been courting Miss Sophia Wikson, and the jealousy between the two had led to several quarrels. On Monday week night Terrell went to the lady's house and found Henderson ahead of him. He immediately opened fire, shooting Henderson in the breast. Terrell's aim was then directed at the woman. After emptying his pistol, one of the shots taking effect in her leg, he fled. Reloaded his pistol, he returned to the house, took off his shoes, and lay down on the bed in the front room, announcing that he had come back to die in that house.

Meantime Jim Keller, the City Marshal, was notified that Terrell was in the house, and in company with several others, surrounded it. Keller entered the house by way of the back door, passed through the kitchen, and came to the door of the front room. Seeing Terrell lying on the bed, he commanded him to throw up his hands and surrender. Terrell's hand went up, but in it was his pistol, which he fired at Keller as he raised, barely missing him. The Marshal then fired five or six times, completely riddling Terrell with bullets. Terrell was killed instantly.

TAPPING THE WIRES.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A sensation has recently transpired in Western Union circles. It seems that a pretty young Jewess, operating in a Wall street office, was peculiarly persuaded to intercept a message sent from Boston to New York, which put thousands of dollars in the pockets of the fellows who worked the oracle.

FIFTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.

How an Autauga County Man Sowed Twelve Dollars and Reaped Fifteen Thousand.

Mr. Wm. Hunt of Vinetown, a small place about 20 miles from Selma, in Autauga county, on the East Tenn., Va. & Ga. R. R., was the lucky man in the May drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery. In conversation yesterday with a Times reporter at his home, the following questions were asked and answers given:

"I am told you struck the Louisiana State Lottery rich?" said the reporter.

"Well," replied Mr. Hunt, "I don't know whether you call it rich or no, but I certainly have \$15,000 which I drew in the lottery on the 11th of May."

"How long have you been investing in the Louisiana, and what have you paid out?"

"I have been sending a dollar a month for the past twelve months, and the twelfth dollar brought me \$15,000."

"How did you get your money?"

"Well, you see I was notified first by a printed circular, which had all the numbers that drew prizes in it. I deposited my ticket on the 17th of May with the City National Bank of your city, and on the 22d, five days later, I had my money; and right here," continued the speaker, "I want you to say that I had no trouble about getting the amount my ticket called for. It came promptly."

In conversation further, Mr. Hunt said: "I am thirty-nine years old. I have a wife and three children. I own the place I live on, and farm and merchandise some. I was behind five or six hundred dollars when I drew the money from the lottery; but that put me on my feet, and I paid my debts. I have put out \$1,300 on good interest, and will turn the other into paying investments. For \$1 I drew a fifth of the capital prize, and I am going to continue to send one dollar every month so long as I can raise that amount. I believe the business is properly carried on, and I shall patronize it in the future."—Selma (Ala.) Times, June 1.



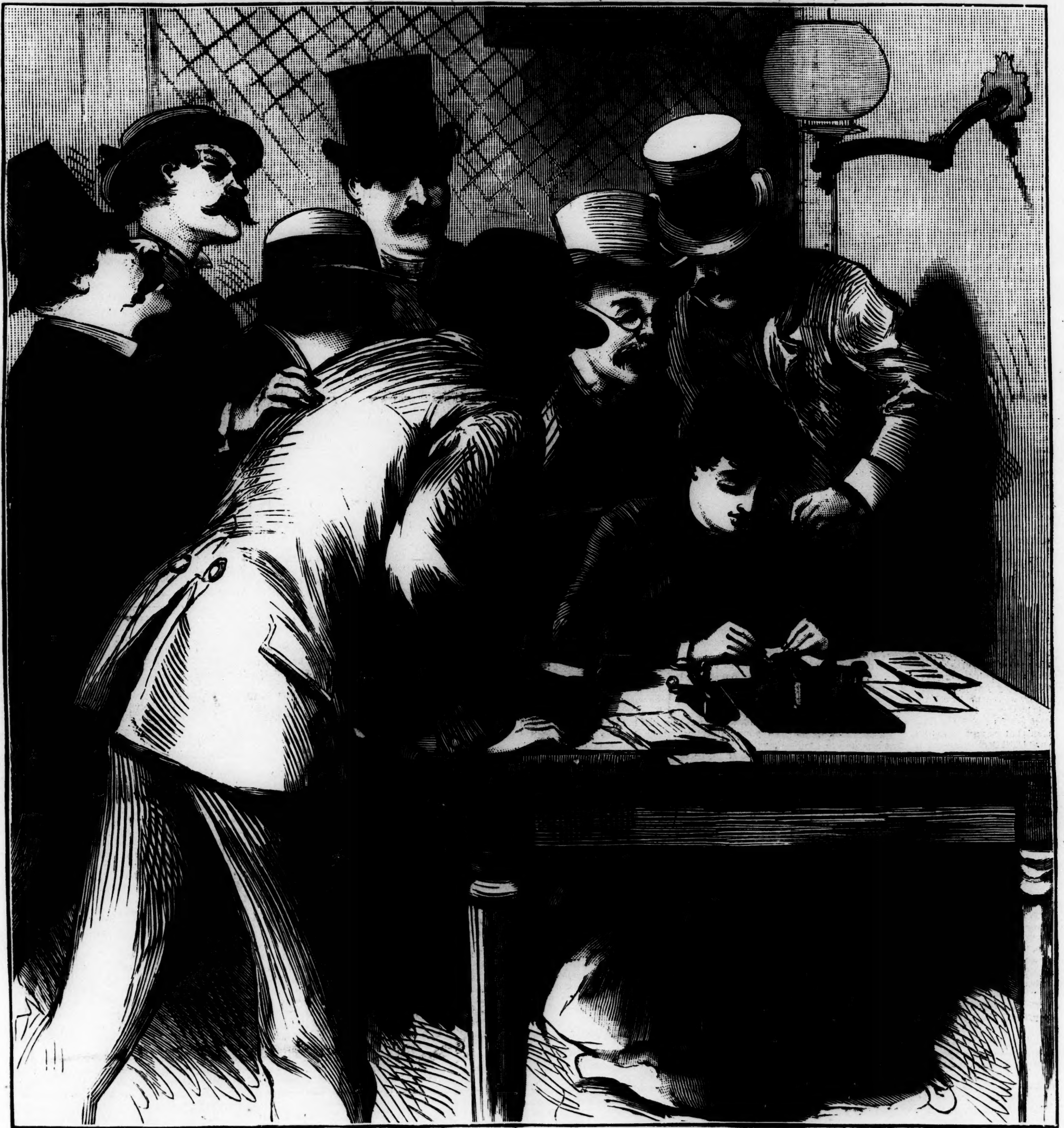
HALF AND HALF.

HOW AN UTICA, N. Y., BARBER TREATED A CUSTOMER OF DOUBTFUL SOLVENCY.



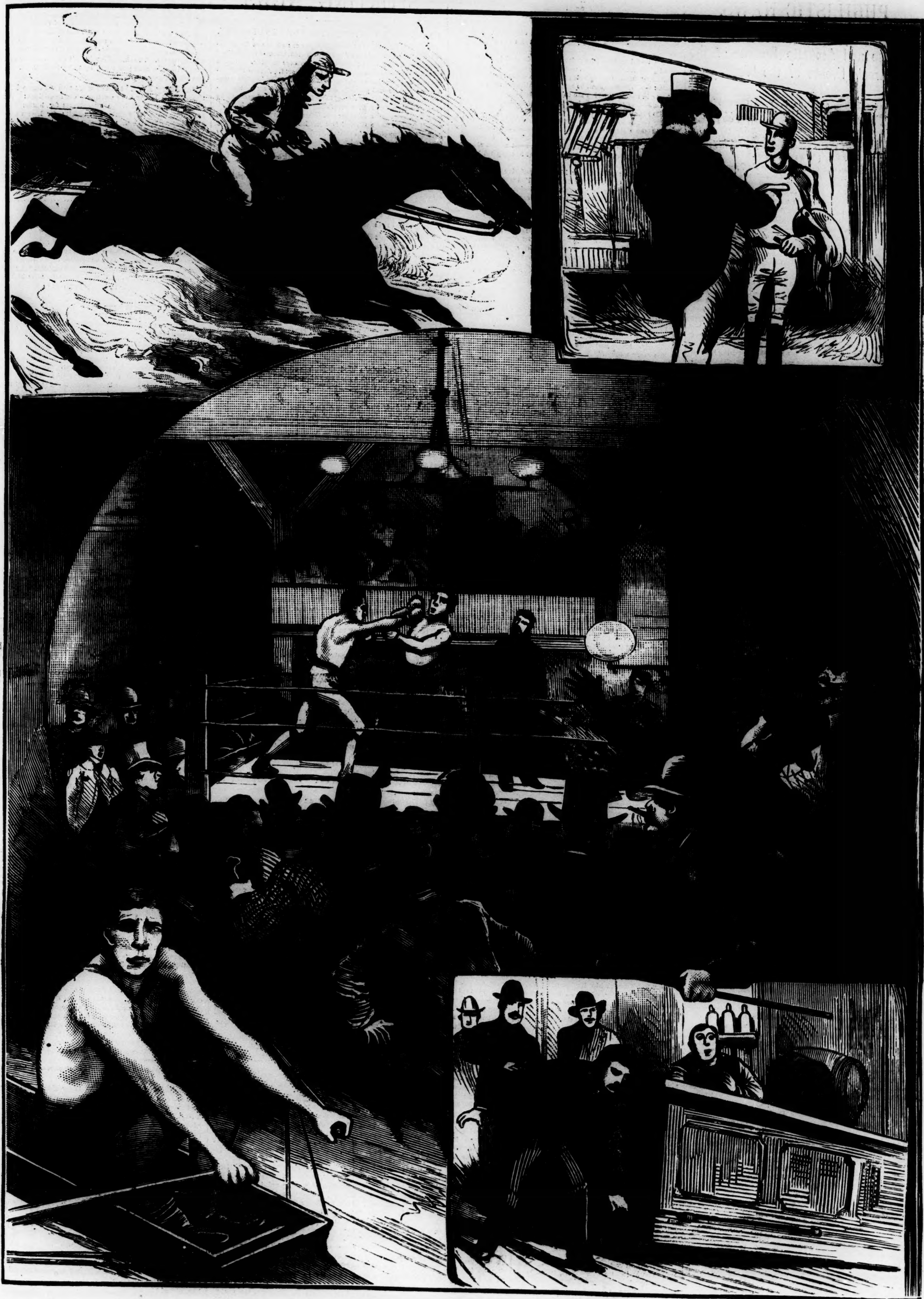
KNOCKED OUT.

THE IGNOMINIOUS COLLAPSE OF AN ALLEGED GHOST AT DODD'S HILL, ORANGE, N. J.



"TAPPING THE WIRES."

HOW A GANG OF WALL STREET SHARPS ENTRAPPED A PRETTY TELEGRAPH OPERATOR INTO STEALING PRIVATE NEWS, AND WERE BENEFITED THEREBY.



THE WORLD OF SPORT.

HOW THE VOTARIES OF MANLY DIVERSION WERE AMUSED DURING THE PAST WEEK.

The Fogarty-Ellingsworth Match. Teemer Losing the Race. Troubadour Winning the Suburban. Jockey Fitzpatrick Getting His \$5,000 Check. John L. Sullivan Lifting the Bar

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Events of the Week.

At Waseca, Minn., on June 3, Prof. Chas. Hadley and E. R. Mohler fought with hard gloves to a finish, and it was the hardest fight that has been seen in this part of the country. Both men were cut all up. After thirteen rounds were fought Hadley was given the fight. Hadley knocked Mohler down four times in the twelfth round, and Mohler knocked Hadley down twice in the seventh round. They fought for a purse of \$400.

About 500 people assembled at Leash's Opera House, San Diego, recently, to witness the glove contest to a finish for \$100 a side and gate receipts between Bill Norton, of San Francisco, and Wiley Evans, of Los Angeles. The event was preceded by several matches between local pugilists. At half-past ten Evans stepped into the ring and was soon followed by Norton. A referee was soon chosen and two timekeepers from the audience. Evans stripped in the pink of condition, while Norton looked thin and overtrained. In the first round Evans did the leading, landing some tremendous body blows. Norton acting on the defensive, putting a few face blows. In the second round Norton endeavored to force the fighting, but his blows were short and ineffectual. Evans countered very cleverly in this round.

In this city, on June 21, the great glove contest between Frank Herald, of Nicotown, Pa., and Mike Conley, the Irish giant, will be decided in Germania Assembly Rooms. Both are heavy weights and will box according to "Police Gazette" rules. Herald and Conley have both made quite a sensation in prize ring circles. Having figured in several contests, and there is not the least doubt that there will be a great gathering to witness if they would have any chance of holding their own with Sullivan, whom both are anxious to meet. Herald is no doubt a promising boxer—the quick trip to the land of nod he gave Jim Cannon, the Carbon-dale champion, by putting him to sleep in 23 seconds, proves that he is worthy of looking upon as a teaser. If he can conquer Conley, who is a giant in proportion, after Prof. Mike Donovan has finished training him, Pat Sheedy will not rate him a fourth-class boxer.

John L. Sullivan must look to his laurels. There is now on the pugilistic plateau a boxer who possesses quantity and quality to conquer any man in America. Mitchell, Burke and McCaffrey still continue to refuse to meet Frank Herald, who is the boxer to have reference to. He will challenge Sullivan to box at any style, any rule. Herald is Sullivan's only American born rival, and, judging from his past exploits and his confidence to meet all comers, he must possess the quintessence of the qualifications so essential and necessary to make an A. 1. boxer. If the scribe who is writing such bombastic notices about Dominick McCaffrey's great fighting abilities would only influence McCaffrey to arrange a match with Frank Herald, who is not only eager to meet McCaffrey, but any boxer in America, he would confer a great favor on the sporting public, who are eager to find out just how great a boxer Herald really is.

Jack King the pugilist has greatly improved since he met Patsy Cardiff in St. Louis two years ago. Since then King has done some capital work in the orthodox 34-foot ring. After leaving St. Louis he went to McKeesport, where he met Jack Quinn of Braddock. They fought for \$500 and the heavy-weight championship of Western Pennsylvania. King got in a swinging right-hander in the second round and put Quinn beyond the call of time. From McKeesport he went to New York, where he was matched to fight Hjal Stoddard, the Syracuse wonder. The fight was to have taken place on a barge in the North River, before a select few, but the night before the date set for the meeting Stoddard thought better of his bargain and left for Canada. King then went to Coney Island where, under Paddy Ryan's management, he boxed nightly with Billy Madden's great heavy-weight, Jack Ashton of Providence. In their set-to's King learned many a good trick and improved in size and skill quickly. From Coney Island King took a trip to Chicago, where he offered to fight Jim Felt, taking the place of Cardiff, who had declined to meet the latter.

On June 19, at Post's Seat, near Greenfield, Mass. Jimmie Carroll, of Holyoke, champion light weight of New England, fought James Carey, alias King, alias Sullivan. Fully one hundred and fifty spectators witnessed the fight. It was learned that only about \$75 of the \$300 purse had been raised. Dancy refused to fight short of \$100, and the balance was with much difficulty and protest raised by individual subscription. The fight was called soon after 5 A. M. The first round was hotly contested and for a time it was a give and take. Carroll, toward the end of the round, forced the fighting, knocking Dancy down. He followed this advantage with several other knock-down blows. In the second round Dancy had the better of the fight, until Carroll used him up by two heavy neck and body blows which practically decided the contest. Dancy retired to his corner with his face smeared with blood. He was barely able to stagger along. In the third round Carroll had it his own way and knocked Dancy about like a teapail. In the fourth round Dancy was barely able to leave his corner and stood up but a few seconds. With a terrific blow straight from the shoulder Carroll knocked him senseless upon the field and he was carried off by his seconds. He remained unconscious for fully 3 minutes. The fight was according to Queensberry rules, with hard gloves. Dancy was badly punished about the face, while Carroll came off with scarcely a scratch. No molestation was offered by the police.

The long-pending glove contest between Dick Matthews and Ed. Smith, of Birmingham, Eng., was fought recently on the Alameda baseball grounds, San Francisco. The conditions were twenty rounds, Queensberry rules, for a purse and gate money. Matthews' seconds were Prof. Charlie Taylor and J. McArthur; Smith's were T. McCormick and Billy Delaney. Eddy Farrell was selected as referee. In the first round Matthews was knocked down once by Smith. The rest of the battle consisted of hard slogging and no science. Matthews was considerably punished and Smith badly winded. In the seventh round Smith drove Matthews into the latter's corner, knocked him through the ropes and into the water pit. Before he could rise Smith fouled by striking him in the face, knocking him into the chair that had been left in the ring, and then landed repeated blows in Matthews' unprotected face. The fight was claimed by Matthews' seconds on a foul, but the referee declared it a draw. After Matthews had left the ring Farrell reversed his decision and gave the fight to Smith. Great excitement prevailed, and impromptu fights were imminent for a time. There being two decisions as to the result of the fight, the managers of both men agreed to leave it to the sporting editors of the Examiner and other morning journals to decide which decision was valid according to sporting rules, all the money wagered on the fight to go with that decision. It should be an easy matter to decide the question, for the first decision was the only one that stands.

It is a wonder Jack Burke is going back to England when he has an opportunity to arrange a match in which he would gain glory and dollars if he could win. E. F. Mallahan called at the Police Gazette office and left the following challenge.

New York, June 12, 1896.

To the Sporting Editor:

Understanding that Jack Burke is going to England and that it is said his intention is to arrange a match with Jim Smith, the champion of England, permits me to state that Burke need not recross the Atlantic looking for a match. I will back Frank Herald, of Nicotown, Pa., to meet Jack Burke, according to the London prize ring or "Police Gazette" rules, with or without gloves, for \$1,000 a side and upward, the battle to take place in four or six weeks from signing articles, Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder. Herald met Burke in a glove contest at Philadelphia, but Burke claimed he had a sore arm and asked Herald to box light with him. If Burke is not anxious to meet Herald for a stake, the latter will box Burke six, eight or ten rounds with gloves. "Police Gazette" rules, the winner to take the entire gate receipts. If these terms do not suit Herald is ready to box any man in America with gloves, bar none, the winner to take 65 per cent and the loser 35 per cent of the gate receipts. First come first served. I have an idea Frank Herald will come within an ace of defeating any man in America. He is willing to try and I stand ready to back him. Herald meets Conley the Irish giant at Germania Assembly Rooms, this city, on June 21, and win or lose he will ratify a match with anybody.

Arthur Chambers, the retired light-weight champion and brother of the Champion's Best, 922 Ridge avenue, Phila-

delphia, is going to hold a grand boxing tournament for the middle-weight championship of Pennsylvania. The competition will be open to all middle-weight pugilists who do not exceed 158 pounds. The prize is the "Police Gazette" medal, offered by Richard K. Fox, which represents the middle-weight championship of the State of Pennsylvania. The following are the rules which govern the trophy:

Rule 1—All contests for the medal to be decided by four or six rounds, "Police Gazette" Revised Queensberry rules. Each round to last 3 minutes. One minute rest between every round.

Rule 2—The medal shall be subject to challenges from any man residing in the State which the trophy represents.

Rule 3—The trophy is to become the personal property of the pugilist winning it three times.

Rule 4—The winner of the trophy in any contest must deposit \$25 with the Police Gazette or its representative for the safe return of the medal when called for.

Rule 5—Any pugilist winning the medal must accept all challenges or forfeit the trophy. The medal must be competed for once every month.

Rule 6—Richard K. Fox or his representative shall be the official stakeholder in all contests for the "Police Gazette" championship medals, shall appoint all officials and decide all questions not expressly provided for in the rules, and appoint the time and place for each contest.

Arthur Chambers has the trophy on exhibition.

John L. Sullivan, the champion pugilist, arrived in this city on June 8 on a flying visit. He came direct from Mount Clemens, Mich. He was met at the depot by a select number of friends. Sullivan was very neatly dressed, wearing a high silk hat, a dark blue well-fitting frock coat, narrow striped dark green trousers and a flowered waistcoat. He looked in good condition, though, of course, too fleshy for a battle. He gave his weight as about 220 pounds, which is less than when he is drinking, and thinks he will not train to less than 200 pounds for any future battle. Sullivan's last stopping place was Mount Clemens, near Detroit, where country accounts for his good form.

"I cannot say anything whatever about my plans," he said, in reply to the reporter's questions, "until I have seen my manager, Pat Sheedy. I have just sent a message for him, and I am looking for him every minute."

"Do you think Jim Smith will come over to meet you?"

"I do not know, I am sure. Sheedy cabled him, but we have not heard yet."

Sullivan says he cannot be sure yet if arrangements for an eight-round glove contest for points between himself and Mitchell, to take place at the Polo Grounds, on July 5, will be completed.

"I am making this contest eight rounds instead of four because Mitchell thinks I can't fight but four rounds. I'll make it twenty if it will be allowed."

Sullivan says he will never make another match to give a losing man a portion of the gate receipts. He sold out his Boston place four weeks ago. His brother Michael is not dead as reported. Sullivan says that there is no truth in the report that he is to go into business in this city. He seems to have had enough of salooning.

"I think," he said, in conclusion, "Australia will be a good move for me. I can go there as quick as Warian did—in twenty-eight days—and rake in a barrel of money."

F. J. Nolan and Jack Burke figured in a glove contest at Chester Park, Cincinnati, on June 12. A large crowd was present, as the match had been the topic in Portopolis for some time. In fact, there was so much talk about the match that the Mayor refused to permit it to take place. The management procured an injunction, which was granted by Judge Huston, but the provision was made that the fight was to be conducted so as not to violate the law. Nolan was seconded by Jimmy Faulkner and John Millet, Jack Burke by Frank Ware and Jim Connelly. Tom Cannon, the wrestler, was chosen referee. Burke fought at 163 and Nolan at 168 pounds. Two-ounce gloves were worn.

Round 1—Burke was the most confident at the outset. Both played for an opening, and each studied the other's style. Burke finally opened with a left-hand stinger on Nolan's mouth. Nolan returned a light left-hander on Burke's neck. Burke got in a poor left above the belt. They clinched. On separating, Nolan got in a light left, and Burke got in two innocent blows above the belt. The round closed with Burke's caution increased.

2—After thirty seconds' rest they met, both calm as Nolan got in three left-handers, two in the chest, one in the face, all harmless. Burke planned his left softly twice in Nolan's stomach. Nolan returned the compliment faintly, and then they clinched. Burke got a solid left-hander in above Nolan's belt, and the round closed. Nolan went fagged to his corner.

3—Nolan, tired but game, met Burke fresh and unscathed. Both sparred for wind, and the third round closed without either getting in a good blow.

4—Nolan, much fresher, sailed in with two successive lefts, both light; then Nolan sandwiched a left-hander above the belt between two of the same sort delivered by Burke. After this a clinch, two stomach kickers by Burke, another clinch, a good left-hander by Nolan in Burke's neck, and the round closed with little exertion.

5—Burke showed much the fresher and forced the fighting, but Nolan was game, and Burke put in a sledge-hammer blow on Nolan's shoulder. Nolan's mouth was bleeding freely, but he went in like a tiger, and the fighting became fast and furious. Four times Nolan clinched to avoid punishment, but he got in three sounders on Burke's chest and received no serious blows. The crowd cheered him immensely.

6—Burke returned very fresh, and Nolan showed weariness more than weakness. In this round Nolan got in three blows, two above the belt and one fairly on Burke's head. Burke sent in four blows, one in the head and three in the chest. The blows were dodged so adroitly by both men that none of them was telling. Had the fighting continued to a finish Burke would have been winner.

The articles of agreement provide that the fight was to be decided on merits. Tom Cannon, the referee, decided it a draw.

Ed. Smith, the English boxer, is creating quite a stir on the Pacific slope by his offer to fight any man on the coast for \$1,000 a side. Smith was born in Birmingham, England, of Irish and Scotch parents, and is twenty-two years of age, and weighs in condition 154 lbs. His first fight was with Jack Roach of the Sixth Royal Warwickshire Regiment, on Warwick racetrack, Jan. 1, 1892, for 25 a side, with bare fists, and he won in 73 rounds, lasting 1 hour 30 minutes, London prize ring rules. His next fight was a draw with Dick Burck, at Chillingham, England, March 17, 1892, Marquis of Queensberry rules, six rounds, with gloves, for a purse. He defeated Enoch Peters of Birmingham in 35 rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, with bare fists, for £10 a side, at Derbyshire, England, in July of the same year. He defeated James, the Staffordshire giant, weighing 210 pounds, in ten rounds, prize ring rules, with bare fists, for £20, in December in the same year. He defeated Jack Russell of Lichfield, 235 pounds, in one round, with bare fists, for a purse of £10 made up by the sporting men of Lichfield. On Jan. 1, 1893, he won the cup at the great annual sparring contest at Komowale Palace, Manchester, England, in which there were twenty-one competitors. May 24, 1893, he defeated Hughie Jones of North Shields, for 25 a side, after fighting a desperate battle, lasting 2 hours 35 minutes, on the banks of the Tyne, in the north of England, fair play rules with bare fists. He defeated Tom Bolman, of London, in three rounds with bare fists, for 25 a side, Nov. 30, 1893. He defeated Jack Gannon in five rounds, with gloves at the Blue Anchor, Shoreditch, London, for a purse, Jan. 10, 1894. He defeated Paddy Gill, of Edinburgh, Scotland, for 250 a side with bare fists, at Camilton, in the highlands of Scotland, in 2 hours and 30 minutes, March 6, 1894. His first appearance in America, was in December, 1894, in Baltimore, at Jack Cavanaugh's sporting house, where he defeated the heavy-weight champion of that place in 3 rounds, hard gloves, Queensberry rules. He next went to work in Johnny Clark's sporting room, where he was taking all comers for six weeks at the Olympic theatre, Philadelphia. He defeated young Dooney Harris in a private room in New York city for a purse. He next worked at Capt. James Daly's, New York city, taking all comers for three weeks. Next joined Tom Chandler's combination, from New York to Chicago, scoring two knock-outs on the trip. He defeated Prof. Conley, of Boston, in 3 rounds, in Chicago, but was robbed out of the fight. He next joined Jack Burke's combination, and sparred with the English champion nightly for four months. He defeated Doc Worrell, champion middle-weight of Kansas, with hard gloves, Marquis of Queensberry rules, for \$250 a side. He was next matched to fight John P. Clow, of Denver, Col., for \$300 a side and all the gate money. After fighting 10 rounds the fight was broken up by the police and declared a draw. He next fought John P. Clow for the gate money, beating him in 6 rounds. He next traveled through Kansas, Colorado and Wyoming Territory, under the management of Frank Harve, offering \$100 to any one facing him 4 rounds, scoring ten knock-outs during the trip.

SPORTING NEWS.

TO PATRONS AND PROMOTERS OF MANLY SPORT.

The editorial portions of this newspaper are always at the disposition of all classes of bona fide sporting men, whether they call out of curiosity, to obtain information or arrange matches. No such offices are to be seen anywhere else in the world. Among their remarkable attractions are championship emblems and badges, magnificent trophies and pictures and other objects of exceptional interest. Not the least notable of these is the celebrated portrait, by the well-known artist, Dr. John L. Sullivan, which is a full-length picture representing the champion in full ring costume. It stands first in height, and is conceded to be the most striking portrait of a pugilist in existence. Sporting men, in addition to these features, are assured of a cordial and hospitable greeting.

In the race for the Hardwick stakes, at Ascut, Ormonde beat Melton easily. It was a surprise to many.

Tommy Danforth and Tommy Barnes, who fought the long battle with Tommy Warren, have been matched to battle for a purse.

The Dwyer Brothers have won the Coney Island stakes ever since its introduction in 1892, with Hindoo, Bootjack, Miss Woodford twice and with Postals.

The City Court Grand Jury, of Louisville, Ky., refused to indict the pool-room keepers, and the indictments that had been prepared by the District Attorney were returned dismissed.

John Teemer writes that Jake Gaudaur outwitted him in the race for the championship at Fallman, Ill., on June 12, on his merits. Teemer's right arm gave out through a strain.

There was a lively cooking main at Canton, Mass., on June 14, in which Dodham birds won three straight battles from Boston's pets. It was the sixth successful battle for one of the victors.

The glove contest between Ed. McDonald's Unknown and Tommy Danforth for a purse, which was to have been fought in this city on June 14, did not take place. The Unknown failed to appear.

Barney Goodwin's Walter H. has now won two races, and as he is a colt, with a good turn of speed and bred to stay, he will no doubt more than repay the \$10,000 paid for him at the Kansas sale.

John Wood, the popular and well-known sporting photographer, has taken an elegant photo on card of the New York Baseball Club, with its manager, James Mutrie, in the centre. Copies are for sale by the American News Co.

Bob Farrell writes that he desires, through the Police Gazette, to return thanks to Tom Allen, Tom Kelly, Dan and Charley Dally, Ed and Jimmy Kelly, also Jack Maloney, for kindness shown to him during his stay in St. Louis, Mo.

W. Melas, of London, Eng., who arrived here recently, wants to meet Dick Collier in a match for \$500 a side, London prize ring rules to govern, within ten days, only ten men a side to be present. Melas says he will cover any deposit left at the office of Richard K. Fox.

All Chicago is worked up over the suppression of sparring matches in that city. Well, it is a fact, anyhow. In glove encounters the worst injury I ever saw was a black eye. How many times during the racing season does the telegraph announce the violent death of a steerhead or jockey?

Charley Mitchell, the English pugilist, and Patsy Cardiff, the heavy-weight champion of the Northwest, came together in a five-round glove contest at Minneapolis on June 12. About 3,000 persons were present. Five rounds were fought. The contest ended in a draw. Mitchell was knocked down in the last round.

The summer trotting meeting at the Homewood Driving Park, Pittsburg, will be held on July 5, 6, 7 and 8. There will be \$15,000 as prizes for twelve events, which will consist of eight trotting and four pacing contests. No purse will be less than \$1,000. If possible, Clingstone, Majolica and Harry Wilkes will be brought to the meeting.

At London, England, May 29, the 12,000 point handicap billiard match between John Roberts, Jr., and W. Mitchell for \$200 ended. Mitchell received 600 points start and the spot stroke was barred. Roberts won by 521 points. The scores at the finish: Roberts, 12,000; Mitchell, 9,239.

The Coney Island Jockey Club wisely requested Mr. McDowell of Baltimore to return his position of steward on June 12. McDowell resigned and Mr. Caldwell, who is said to be the champion at dropping the flag, was appointed in his place. The action of the popular racing association will no doubt meet with the approval of turf speculators and owners of horses throughout the country.

At the bicycle tournament at New Haven, Conn., June 10, the last event of the day was the 30 mile race for the Pope cup valued at \$1,500. J. Hinton, Hartford; A. B. Rich, New York City and F. G. Warner, Connecticut, were the contestants. Warner gradually dropped out and the other two hung to each other and made a pretty finish. Rich winning in 1 hour 10 minutes 50 3/4 seconds, Hinton being only one-fifth of a second behind.

The winners in the Yale Bicycle Club Races at Hamilton Park, New Haven, Conn., on June 13, were as follows: One mile, 3:05 class, E. A. Deboleis, of Wethersfield, in 3 minutes 55 3/4 seconds; five mile open road race, G. M. Hendon of New Haven, in 15 minutes 34 seconds; half mile boys' race, F. A. Clark, of Haverhill, in 1 minute 35 seconds; three mile open race, W. A. Rowe, in 8 minutes 37 seconds; one mile club race, S. Carlton, Yale, '97, in 3 minutes 25 1/4 seconds; three mile handicap, E. A. Deboleis, in 3 minutes 35 seconds.

At the Coney Island Jockey Club meeting, on June 12, the Swift Stakes, a sweepstakes for three-year-olds, foals of 1895, of \$100 each, half forfeit, with \$1 250 added, of which \$250 to second, the third to receive \$100 out of the stakes, closed with 45 entries; seven furlongs, was run. The betting—Against Elginport, 5 to 1; Portman 2 to 1; Walter H. and Garvey, 4 to 1 each; Quilo, 7 to 1; Rejartion and Sandewide, 10 to 1 each; Ben Solr and Rock and 12 to 1 each. Walter H. won by a neck, while a head only separated Elginport and Portman. The time was 1:23 3/4, within three-quarters of a second of the best record at the distance. Summary: B. Goodwin's b. c. Walter H., by Voltaire—Beware, 118 (Olney) 1; W. P. Burck's b. f. Elginport, by Bramble—Robinet, 115 (Mayhugh) 1; Dwyer Bros.' blk. c. Portman, by Virgil—Flowercut, 118 (McLaughlin) 3.

Quilo, Rock and Bye, Ben Solr, Lansdowne, Garvey and Rejartion also ran. Time, 1:29 3/4.

The glove contest between Jack Fogarty, of Philadelphia, and Joe Ellingsworth was decided at the Oakland Bink, Jersey City, on June 10. The conditions were "Police Gazette" rules, 10 rounds. The affair attracted a large crowd, and among the sporting men present were John L. Sullivan, Patrick F. Sheedy, James Wackley, George Eganman, E. F. Mallahan, Tom Gould, the ever-blooming John J. Quinn, Jack Ashton and a host of other famous men in the homelands of sport. Billy Madden was referee, and George Lewis timekeeper for Ellingsworth, and Wm. E. Harding for Fogarty. Billy Oliver and Tommy Danforth acquired Ellingsworth, while Gas Tuthill and Al Powers seconded Fogarty. The contest was a rather tame affair. Fogarty fought as if he was in harness, and Ellingsworth did not follow the same tactics customary with him. In the ninth round the contest was very interesting, and also in the tenth, but neither had gained any advantage, and Madden very quickly gave his decision a draw. At the conclusion of the affair Tuthill stated he would match Fogarty to fight Ellingsworth to a finish, and Ellingsworth agreed to pick up the gauntlet, and probably in the near future the rivals may meet in a contest with skin gloves for a fat purse.

Jack Dempsey was recently in Butte City, Montana. An exchange published in Butte says: "Thursday night's train from Garrison brought to this city John E. Dempsey, the world's champion middle-weight fighter, who is on his way to Portland. He stopped off at Garrison and took a run up to Butte because it is a renowned place to Eastern sporting men, having been the scene two years ago of the hardest fought light weight ring contest on record (the McDonald-McCoy fight), and having also been fixed upon as the place for the long-advertised but never fought championship heavy-weight contest between Sullivan and Ryan. Dempsey is the winner of some thirty hard-fought ring battles and was never whipped. He carries with him the 'Police Gazette' middle-weight championship belt, worth \$2,500. Mr. Dempsey is

accompanied by Tom Cleary and Dennis Costigan, both from New York. Cleary was formerly a resident of the Pacific Coast. The party will go from here to Portland (probably leaving by Saturday's train), where Dempsey is to be married to one of the most charming young ladies of that city, a member of one of the best families on the Pacific Coast. Jack's fine figure and ability to whip anybody who would stand before him (those masculine attributes which seldom fail to captivate the female heart) are said to have been his winning cards. The championship belt will, it is fair to assume from the above, soon pass out of Dempsey's hands, for he has at last found his conqueror."

The Coney Island stakes were run on June 12 at the Coney Island Jockey Club meeting. The conditions: For three-year-olds and upward. A sweepstakes for horses which won \$4,000 in 1895 of \$150 each, half forfeit; for horses which won \$2,000 in 1895, \$100 each, half forfeit; for other horses, \$50 each, half forfeit, with \$1,500 added, of which \$300 to second, the third to receive \$150 out of the stakes. One mile and an eighth. Dwyer Postals won by half a length, Little Dwyer second and Berran third. Summary: Closed with forty nominations. Dwyer Bros.' blk. b. Postals, 5, by Peto-Gomez—Agencia, 125 (McLaughlin); Little Dwyer, 4, by King Alfonso—Lilly Duke, 113 (Blaylock); Berran, 4, by Ten Brock—Salle M., 115 (Pittsford); Strathguy also ran. Time—1:54 3/4.

Betting—100 to 55 on Postals, 5 to 1 against Berran, 4 to 1 against Little Dwyer, and 15 to 1 against Strathguy. The race was run in 1:54 3/4, somewhat slower than expected, but at the same time it compares very favorably with the previous efforts made, the winners each and all having in turn been owned by the Dwyers and ridden by Jimmy McLaughlin, viz.: In 1892, with Hindoo, 1:57 3/4; in 1893, with Bootjack, 1:56; in 1894, with Miss Woodford, in 1:56 3/4, and again last year by Miss Woodford in just 2 minutes.

All arrangements have been made for a Grand Athletic Entertainment to be held at the Polo Grounds on July 5, the day the Glorious Fourth will be celebrated. Prizes will be given for athletic sports, and the main feature of the entertainment will be a meeting between John L. Sullivan, the champion of the world, and Charley Mitchell, the candidate for that title. These famous fistie gladiators will engage in an eight-round glove contest, which promises to be the greatest fistie encounter in a scientific way ever witnessed. Patrick F. Sheedy, of Chicago, will manage the affair and this speaks volumes for the success of the affair. In fact, no one but Sheedy could have brought the rivals together. Sheedy states the exhibition will be the greatest ever witnessed.

In the preliminary bouts English boxers will meet native-born athletes and a fair exposition of the different schools of the fistie art will be obtained. The contracts made by Mr. Sheedy calling for stands that will afford seating accommodations for 50,000 people in all will be held. Sullivan will at once begin training at Solitude, near Boston, where he will go soon. Mitchell will remain in the West until a week before the exhibition. Mr. Sheedy will leave for Chicago soon. Sullivan was in this city recently and was happy when told that he would be allowed to exhibit his skill and strength once more before a metropolitan assemblage. "I will show them," he said, "that I ain't a slinger and that I can box as scientifically as any man in the world. An eight-round go-between Mitchell and me will satisfy everybody that I am a better boxer than Mitchell and I won't knock him out in order to prove it, either. Mr. Sheedy tells me that I must box in a selected way, and that is what I will do."

One of the great turf performances of the season was Dwyer Brothers' Tremont performance in the race for the seventh running of the Turf Stakes, for two-year-olds, five furlongs, at Coney Island Jockey Club meeting on June 12. Tremont was left virtually at the post, but through McLaughlin's skillful riding he won easily in the best time ever made by a two-year-old at the weight—1:12 rounds—for the distance, and in doing so he fully confirmed the claim made by his admirers that he is the best two-year-old seen this year. Summary: Dwyer Bros.' blk. c. Tremont, by Virgil, dam Ann Fief, 122, including 7 pounds extra, 115 (J. McLaughlin); B. W. Walden's ch. f. Queen of Elizabeth, 115 (W. Donohue) 2; Appleby & Co.'s ch. c. Elginport, 115 (J. McLaughlin); W. L. Scott's ch. f. Astoria, 112 (J. McLaughlin); (Menton) 9; Appleby & Co.'s ch. c. Oneto, 115 (J. McLaughlin); (Hayward) 8; A. Belmont's b. f. Lady Primrose, 112 (F. Flinn); 6; Fairfax Stable's ch. f. Hyacinth, 112 (J. McLaughlin); (Barbott) 5; J. O'Brien's br. f. Lady May, 115 (J. McLaughlin); (Garrison) 4; D. C. Fannin & Co.'s ch. g. Paymaster, 115 (Pittsford) 3; Time—1:12. Betting—5 to 2 on Tremont, 4 to 1 against Paymaster, 5 to 1 against Queen of Elizabeth, 15 to 1 against Oneto and 30 to 1 against each of the others. No quotations Tremont for a place; 5 to 1 against Queen of Elizabeth.

Tremont's time is not only the best record for the stake, but it is the best performance ever made by a two-year-old at the weight. In 1890 Spinyard at 114 pounds, which included a penalty of 1 pound, ran the distance in 1:04 3/4. She was followed in 1891 by the Juliette colt with 110 pounds in 1:09 3/4, in 1892 by Jacobus with 110 pounds in 1:06, in 1893 by Thackeray, with 110 pounds in 1:08, in 1894 by Wanda at 107 pounds in the same time, while last year Portland, carrying 115 pounds, won in 1:04 3/4.

The single-oull race between John Teemer, of McKeesport, Pa., the champion single-oull carman of the United States, and Jake Gaudaur, of Toronto, Canada, for \$1,000 a side and the single-oull championship of America, was rowed at Fallman, Ill., on Saturday, June 12. The distance was 3 miles with a turn. John A. St. John, of St. Louis, backed Gaudaur, and Teemer was backed by a Pittsburgh sporting man. Ever since the match has been arranged Teemer has been backed heavily, simply from the fact that he has conquered Hannan at Pleasure Island last fall. A tremendous crowd assembled to witness the race, and thousands of dollars was wagered on the result. Betting was \$100 to \$600 on Teemer, and just before the start, 2 to 1. A stiff breeze from the southwest delayed the start long past the time intended for it, so that the dusk of the evening prevented the crowd in the grand stand from seeing more than the first and last half miles. The start was finally made at 7:25 3/4, on an almost perfect course. Gaudaur took an early lead of half a length, both men pulling thirty-four strokes to the minute. Before the close of the first half mile Teemer had drawn up abreast of the St. Louis man, and was executing the beautifully clean cut stroke for which he is famous. At this point both were \$100 to \$35 in Teemer's favor and no takers. When near the turn stake Gaudaur again took the lead. The stroke of both men had now fallen off to twenty-eight per minute. Gaudaur kept the lead. Teemer's stroke fell to twenty-five. Gaudaur turned full two lengths ahead, and soon increased his lead to four and five lengths. One mile from the home stake Teemer gave up the race. Gaudaur rested on his oars for a couple of strokes and looked back. He then finished the race. Teemer pulled leisurely in, a full quarter of a mile behind. The referee awarded the stakes and 75 per cent of the gate receipts as agreed upon to Gaudaur. Teemer's defeat created considerable surprise, but he was evidently beaten on his merits. Hannan said Gaudaur would win.

The athletic games of the New York Athletic Club were held on their grounds at Mott Haven, on June 12. J. T. Rhinehart won the prize for running high jump, clearing 5 feet 7 1/4 inches. E. C. Carter (scratch) won the 1-mile run handicap in 14 minutes 36 1/2 seconds. M. H. Baberg (4 1/4 yards) won the 100-yard run handicap in 19 2/5 seconds. C. A. J. Queckbamer (1 foot) put the shot an actual distance of 40 feet 7 1/4 inches and won 1 foot. L. Lambrecht (scratch) covering 40 feet 7 1/4 inches, Samuel A. Cramer (45 yards) won the 1-mile walk handicap in 7 minutes 23 3/4 seconds. G. J. Bradish won the 440-yard run (scratch) in 43 3/4 seconds. M. W. Ford covered 25 feet and won in the running broad jump; William Hall in covering 21 feet 4 1/4 inches. W. M. Partridge won the 250-yard run handicap in 22 1/2 seconds. In putting the 56-pound weight, handicap, M. O'Sullivan, Pastime Athletic Club, covered 23 feet 3 1/4 inches and got the medal. Queckbamer (scratch) of the New York Athletic Club, who covered 25 feet 19 1/4 inches, entered a protest on the ground that O'Sullivan had competed in the Caldonian games and was a professional. The matter was not decided. In the 800 yards run handicap, G. S. Chapin (45 yards) and F. H. Gwynn (60 yards) made a dead heat in 2 minutes 3 1/2 seconds. They ran it off afterward. Chapin fell down on the backstretch of the last lap, just after getting in front of Gwynn. Gwynn fell over him, picked himself up, and came in ahead. Chapin claimed a foul, which was not allowed. S. Gilson (30 yards) whirled a bicye around the cinder path until he had covered three miles in 10 minutes 18 4/5 seconds, and won the three mile bicycle handicap. The 120 yard hurdle race, handicap, was won by Harry S. Young, who cleared the white fences and covered the ground in 16 4/5 seconds. Then F. L. Lambrecht (scratch) threw the hammer 93 feet 3 inches, and won the handicap. Last of all came the obstacle race. After surmounting more difficulties than would face a small boy when chased by a policeman across the good district, C. F. Miller came in ahead, closely followed by N. H. Stewart.

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

The fact that Jack Burke is going to recross the Atlantic to return to England, is the topic of conversation among sporting circles.

Many think it strange that Burke should close up his house and return to England, just at a time that so many are eager to give him a call.

I know a boxer, and he is one of the stars in the prize ring, and who is ready to meet Burke before he again recrosses the ocean.

The boxer I refer to is Frank Herald, the Nicotown cracker, who has already frightened off a score of challengers and quickly conquered every man who has yet met him in the ring.

Several other visitors are anxious to meet Burke before he goes to England.

I suppose the next boxer who will look for summer quarters on the Isle across the sea will be Charley Mitchell, now Herald is eager to interview him on the subject of pugilism.

I should not be surprised that if Burke and Mitchell refuse to receive a call from the Nicotown boxer if Herald throws down the gauntlet to Sullivan, as Herald's backer, E. F. Mallahan, says:

"First the hirelings and then their master."

I learn that there is quite a wrangle over the decision of the referee in the recent glove fight between Dick Matthews and Ed Smith at San Francisco.

The affair was decidedly a slogging match, science being totally discarded. This being the case, it was simply a matter of endurance, and in that respect Matthews had clearly the best of the fight.

Notwithstanding this, the shouts of the assemblage were loudest when Smith showed any good point, his pushers numbering his opponent's by ten to one.

From information I have received about the affair, I believe Farrell, the referee, was more inclined to have the fight go on than to have strict rules observed. In consequence, Smith was permitted to foul Matthews repeatedly and in the most deliberate manner.

Charles Taylor, Matthews' second, entered protest after protest at the manner in which affairs were being conducted, but the crowd on the other side yelled louder than he did, and his claims of foul were ignored.

At the opening of the fifth round Smith was entirely weakened, and Matthews was not much better off. Still the latter was fully capable of fighting many more rounds—judging from the battle he had some months ago with Brady.

Finally, when the people broke into the ring and a riot was imminent, the referee declared the fight a draw, and Matthews left the ring. Smith remained there, and his pushers pursued Farrell all about the place insisting that he change his decision.

They finally prevailed upon him to obey their order, and a half hour after his first decision he declared that Smith had won the match.

When the time came for the managers of each man to settle up accounts, Seymour claimed the first decision of the referee to be final, and Hunt, for Smith, claimed that only the second decision could be entertained.

Finally the question was left by both men to be decided by the sporting editors of the *Examiner*, the *Chronicle* and the *Alta*.

Considering the matter carefully it was seen that should a referee be permitted to withdraw a decision once given and give another, it would open the door to innumerable frauds, and would prompt the loser of a match, according to the referee's decision, to bring influence to bear on the referee to change his decision for a more favorable one.

The sporting editors to whom the problem was referred, considered the matter. The *Examiner* and *Alta* representatives agreed that the first decision of the referee—that the fight was a draw—should stand.

The "Chronicle" representative argued that the referee had a right to change his decision, and thought that Smith should receive the gate receipts and the credit of defeating Matthews.

I cannot see on what ground the "Chronicle" can claim the referee had the power to reverse his decision.

According to my thinking the decision the referee first rendered is final, and stands no matter what any person says.

Farrell the referee was not intimidated or forced to declare the contest a draw, which he did do, but he might have been influenced afterward to change his fiat, but it did not have anything to do with the first decision, which governed the case and which was the only official one, to which there was no appeal.

The Matthews and Smith battle will stand on record as a drawn battle, no matter whether Smith received all the gate money or stakes, which if he did he was not entitled to.

The wrangle over Farrell's weathercock decision has created quite a sensation among betting men in San Francisco, but no one is to blame but the principals and their backers for not selecting a referee who was thoroughly posted on the rules.

I have not the least doubt but the first decision was officially given in good faith, but I think the reverse fiat was not.

Who ever supposed that George Lee would outrow Edward Hanlan.

He does so at the Hanlan regatta at Toronto, Can., on June 8.

Hanlan cannot be possibly in racing form to allow Lee to dash his shell in ahead, especially on the waters of Toronto Bay, where Hanlan first gained his commandship schooling.

Hanlan's defeat was probably owing to the fact that Hanlan had the management of the regatta, or else that he did not desire to win the prize that he was offering to be competed for.

Lee not only finished ahead of Hanlan, but George H. Hooper, etc.

Hanlan's defeat by Lee will be the topic of discussion not only in Pittsburgh, the home of the present champion, Teemer, but in England. I do not class any importance to Hanlan's defeat by Lee, simply because Hanlan and Lee are in union in rowing matters.

If it had been Hooper first instead of Lee, I should have supposed that there was either a screw loose or Hanlan's championship form was a thing of the past.

I think the protracted crusade against bookmaking and betting is a misfortune to those who have invested thousands in racing stock, and the general public. In New York city alone there are thousands upon thousands who delight to squander their money in turf speculations, and who under the crusade have not the opportunity to invest their money unless they cross the river to New Jersey.

It is a well-known fact that turf speculators will back horses, and that they will travel miles to invest on the favorites of their choice, and the result is that the betting resorts in New Jersey and saloons and every kind of business is benefitting from money that would be expended in New York.

I have no hesitation in saying that the crusade against betting in New York city injures the business of those who reside and are doing business in the vicinity of the old betting rooms.

The war against betting and bookmaking on the tracks is backed up on the one hand by a number of fanatical cranks, who it displaces; on the other hand, by a class who desire a share in the percentage and profits made by successful bookmakers.

Betting is allowed in England, and in fact every country where thoroughbreds are kept and trained for racing purposes, and it should be allowed in this country.

Pendragon thus cheerfully writes about Chas. E. Courtney.

Charles Courtney of Union Springs has spoken, and like other men, big, little and middling, C. C. has said something. According to the best-abused professional athletes of the century, Hanlan's day is done.

Teemer can beat Ned under any management, and Ned has given himself away by forsaking Dave Ward's fatherly protection.

If he, the ex-champion, can't go faster this season than in 1885, that celebrity may take a back seat. Courtney knows, and you can depend on him, that the Toronto sculler had lost his form.

Still he is not without hope that the once all-conquering hero may do better this season, which will, or will not, according to circumstances, be adorned by his contemporary critic's performances.

I have devoted a line or two to Mr. Courtney because he is, if we may believe the men of whom he writes, a dreadful outsider, the typical outsider of outsiders, and outsiders are supposed to see most of all games.

Very likely this explanation of Hanlan's defeat may be correct. If so, the question is, Has the Canadian recovered his old form?—because if he has there are not a few of us who cling to the idea that Beach will have to be all that his most extravagant admirers say to beat Hanlan on the Thames as he did on the Par-matam.

I am beginning to conceive a sneaking fondness for Courtney, the boat-puller, who is, say his enemies, also Courtney, the boat-saver or lawyer. C. C. is a remarkable man, and I am going to write him up. He has been allowed his fling in print, and yet does not announce his intention of descending on England.

Perhaps, when he seemed to overlook this field of action, Courtney was not aware that Beach, the man best worth beating, had taken two solemn pledges before braving the terrors of the sea and all the ills that weak flesh is heir to on its mountain billows.

If Courtney means tackling the Australian, he must approach him as a tactician, sworn to abstain not only from strong drink, but boat-racing in America. Beach's determination, if carried out, will knock holes into—or rather, I should say, the bottom out of—a nice lot of schemes. The projected 6,000-dollar and upward regattas to exploit Beach will not count with Beach left out.

The queer decisions of the judges at the Latonia, Ky., Jockey Club, were a blot on the popular racing association. The putting back of Hidalgo in the Latonia Cup, after he walked in a winner, was a bare-faced decision. It is hard upon Mr. Haggle's stable, to come over 3,000 miles to race, win a race, and then have it taken from them.

I think, between the effort to break up betting at the Louisville and Latonia race meetings, and the strange and unjust decisions rendered by incompetent turf judges, racing has received a very black eye, and what injuries racing will certainly incur the great running meetings.

I understand that neither E. J. Baldwin or Haggin, of San Francisco, will make any more entries at either Latonia or Louisville, Ky., race meetings.

I understand they claim they cannot afford to bring horses so far, enter them in stakes, and subject them to such decisions.

Odds never made a horse win, but there is a class of bettors always hungry to accept long odds, a hundred to one is to such people a tempting bait they are unable to resist, and I know quite a few of them who once they have booked such odds are supremely happy. It is from this class of wagers that the bookies make their pile.

Unless a man has both brains and money to make a book on the race he proposes to "play," these long shots seldom avail him.

Suppose, for instance, a selling plater starts in a race against three such cracks as Modesty, Miss Woodford and Pontiac, and the odds offered against the plater by the bookmaker are 100 to 1.

There are plenty of chaps who will nibble at the long odds who only laugh at themselves for backing such a screw if the odds were only 5 or 10 to 1.

So you see with such bettors judgment has nothing to do with it, the long shot catches them, and about the only chance nine times out of ten for them to capture the trick is for all the cracks to fall down at least once in the race. If you are wise keep away from the cheap investments.

Forty-eight horses that ran last year won eight or more races. They are as follows:

Barnum 21; Jim Douglas 15; Tom Martin and Little Mince 13 each; Belle B., Colonel Sprague, Logan and Hickory Jim 12 each; Hazards, Kocouisko, Pearl Jennings and Ben Thompson 11 each; Valley Forge, Monogram, Bob Kirkman, Beaconsfield, Farewell, Leman, Bob Miles, Berran, Tatler, Modesty and Desail 10 each; Donald A., Captain Warren, Lord Clifden, Strathepey, Whizgig, Faver, Ascoli and Bessie B. 9 each; Olivette, Miss Goodrich, Binette, Mamie Hunt, Ned Cook, Tabitha, Joe Cotton, Quebec, Freeland, John A., Pontiac, Chantilly, Windsall, Jim McGowan, Funks and John Sullivan 8 each.

Championships and champions do not appear to be quite as they were. There is William Beach of Addlestone, Surrey, England, by birth, and Dapto, New South Wales, by settlement, champion sculler of the world, exhibiting himself in the London music halls for a share or a certainty of the box office returns. Beach is taking time by the forelock by doing show business before rowing, which is probably very sensible.

After he meets Hanlan and Teemer he will not be such an attraction, and he wants to make hay while the sun shines.

Newsdealers and subscription agents are particularly requested to send their name and address, on postal card, to Richard K. Fox, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

LATEST SPORTING.

Tremont, the best two-year old seen out yet, cost the Dwyers \$1,600 a year ago.

R. Porter Ashe, the race-horse man, owns one-third interest in the trotter Arab, 2:17½.

Clifton Bell, a prominent citizen of Denver, Col., has purchased the running-horse Lord Beaconsfield, paying, it is said, \$18,000.

Mr. Haggin has cancelled all of his Louisville nominations for next year, and his example is likely to be followed by other owners. Col. Clark's management is hard to swallow.

The management of the World's Fair Exposition, which opens in Chicago, July 3, and lasts one hundred days, will offer a cash prize of \$1,000 and a gold medal to the best band in the United States.

The recent race meeting of the Capital Turf Club, of Sacramento, Cal., was a complete failure. The club offered \$1,000 a day in purses, and the highest amount taken in at the gate upon any one day was \$128.

The Nashville Blood-Horse Association has abandoned its old course, and hereafter all future meetings will be held at the Fair Grounds. Fifty thousand dollars will be expended to place the grounds in good condition.

The National Rifle Association has received a communication from the secretary of the English National Rifle Association, stating that it will be impossible to send a team to meet the American guardsmen in September.

Arrangements are being made for a series of swimming races between Dennis F. Butler and W. Johnson at distances of one, two and five miles to take place two months after signing articles, probably on the Delaware River.

The Australians started their first London match vs. Surrey on May 30. The colonials made 88 and 171 for nine wickets, while the county got 171 in its first venture. Spofforth did not play. Giffen made 53, not out, in the Australians' second innings.

A. R. Cobb, who played so prettily for the English Gentlemen team last season at Staten Island, and who comes again this year, made 42 the other day for the Oxford University eleven vs. sixteen freshmen of the same college. H. O. Whitley, another visitor to America, bowled successfully.

Pat Shedy, the popular Chicago sporting man, arrived in this city on June 3 and met with a flattering reception from his legion of friends. Shedy is trying to arrange for the glove contest between Sullivan and Mitchell, to take place on the Polo Grounds, in this city. Shedy managed the glove contests between Sullivan and Alf Greenfield and Sullivan and Laffin, and if he has full control of the Sullivan and Mitchell contest he will make it a big affair.

The Ascot Derby stakes were run at Ascot, Eng., on July 1, over the Swinley course. Summary:

The Ascot Derby stakes, of 500 sovs. each, half forfeit, with 500 added; for three-year-olds; colts, 8 stone 10 lbs; fillies 8 stone 6 lbs; penalties and allowances; the second horse to receive 100 sovs. and the third 50 sovs. out of the stakes; Swinley course; 37 subscribers.

Mr. Manley's b c St. Mirin, by Hermit-Lady Paramount, 1 Mr. Childwick's b c Saraband, by Monaster-Highland Fling, 2 Lord Bradford's b c Tiberius, by Waverlock-White Heather, 3 The betting—5 to 2, St. Mirin; 5 to 1, Saraband; 10 to 1, Tiberius.

The Coney Island Jockey Club's great race meeting began at their new historical track on June 10. The main event on the cards was the Suburban, which event has been the topic of conversation in sporting circles all over the country ever since the Kentucky Derby was decided and Ben Ali, the Police Gazette tip in mid-winter, won. The Suburban Handicap was first run in 1864. The conditions are a sweepstakes for three-year-olds and upward, at \$100 each, half forfeit, 25 only if declared by Feb. 20, with \$2,500 added, the second to receive \$500 of the added money and 20 per cent of the stakes, the third 10 per cent of the stakes; winners after the publication of the weights on Feb. 1 of two races of any value, or of one of \$1,000, to carry 4 pounds extra; or two of \$1,000, or one of \$2,000, 7 pounds extra; or three of \$1,000, or two of \$2,000, 10 pounds extra; 94 subscribers, of which—declared; mile and a quarter.

The race this year was looked forward to with more interest than before, and thousands of dollars were invested in the betting books on the probable first, second and third horse, not only in New York, but in every city in America where betting and bookmakers hold forth. Nearly eighty horses accepted the weights, and more than a dozen had been named as sure winners. Twenty riders weighed in and their names were promptly displayed, which showed that the public and the sporting writers generally had been very correct in their judgment of those that had good chances to win, for the only "sure things" absent were Exile and Pontiac. The latter had never been considered a sure starter, while Exile, after his race at the Beach on Wednesday developed a splint and had to be "scratched." As to the twenty that did appear, they presented a magnificent spectacle. The betting at post odds was 3 to 1 against Lizzie Dwyer, 4 to 1 against Troubadour, 5 to 1 against Joe Cotton, 6 to 1 against Faver, 10 to 1 against Ben Fox, 12 to 1 against Barnum, 15 to 1 against Saraband, 20 to 1 against Springfield, 25 to 1 against Richmond and Royal Arch, 35 to 1 against Himalaya, Unrest and Maumee, 45 to 1 against Geo. Florencia, Fonso, Bettler and Amalgam, 55 to 1 against Markland and 100 to 1 against Delawar. For a place—2 to 1 against Troubadour and 8 to 1 against Richmond. Capt. Conners was specially engaged to start the race, and the result was the twenty horses received a fair start. They ran a good race, and while the finish was not as close or exciting as it was when Gen. Monroe just beat War Eagle and Jack of Hearts, it was a good race cleverly won by Troubadour, with Richmond second. Away back in the rear were the blasted hopes of thousands who had placed their faith and invested their money on Joe Cotton, Faver, Ben Fox, Barnum, Lizzie Dwyer and Springfield, all of which had been named sure winners. Troubadour ran in the lead from start to finish, and won the earliest Suburban yet run by four lengths, while, thanks to McLaughlin's determined riding in the last furlong, he secured the place money by a neck from Saraband, who was closely followed out by Himalaya and Barnum, the latter having dropped back in the stretch when Garrison plainly saw that he could be neither first nor second. With Barnum came Joe Cotton, Royal Arch and Unrest, followed by the others pulling up, of which Bettler, Delawar and the riderless Springfield were last. The rider of the last-named came to grief owing to the breaking of his saddle girth. Time, 2:13½. At the finish a muffled roar filled the air; twenty horses, ridden as to the death, flashed by and twenty thousand throats proclaimed Troubadour the winner of the Suburban, one of the most sensational races run on one of the greatest days the American sporting public has ever seen. Old race-goers looked at each other and recalled simultaneously the day at Monmouth when Harry Bassett and Longfellow met as, perhaps, the only one to be classed with this, and then returned to the discussion of the wonderful race itself. As the horses came back to the scales they were fairly mobbed. McLaughlin with Richmond, and Fitzpatrick with the winner, being cheered repeatedly, while as a consolation to those beaten Gilmore's band began a medley with "Oh, dear, what can the matter be?" There is no doubt that had the track been dry the race would have been closer and the time faster, for, as was generally known by everybody, Troubadour worked at the distance on June 9 in 2:08, which is better than any previous race for the Suburban. Captain Brown gave Fitzpatrick, the jockey, \$5,000 out of the \$75,000 Brown won. In 1884 Gen. Monroe won the Suburban with 124 pounds up in 2:13½. In 1885 Pierre Lejard's Postage won with 162 pounds up in 2:06½.

The following is a summary of the race:
S. S. Brown's b c Troubadour, 4, by Libson, dam Glenuline, 115..... (Fitzpatrick) 1
Dwyer Bros.' b c Richmond, 4, by Virgil, dam Alert, 110..... (Garrison) 2
C. D. McCoy's b c Saraband, 3, by Mortimer, dam Lily Scott, 100..... (Higgs) 3
Franklin's b c Himalaya, 3, 112..... (Blaylock) 4
H. G. Woodcock's b c Barnum, 3, 120..... (Garrison) 5
J. T. Williams' b c Joe Cotton, 4, 117..... (Henderson) 6
Summit Stable's b c Royal Arch, 3, 160..... (W. Donohue) 7
Fairfax Stable's b c Unrest, 4, 115..... (Barbee) 8
W. L. Scott's b c Maumee, 4, 107 (inc. 4 extra)..... (Fisher) 9
Mr. Kelso's b c Amalgam, 3, 97 (inc. 7 extra)..... (Davis) 10
E. Corrigan's b c Lizzie Dwyer, 4, 113..... (Murphy) 11
J. B. Haggin's b c Ben Fox, 3, 165..... (Hutches) 12
W. L. Scott's b c Chantilly, 3, 97..... (Olney) 13
W. L. Scott's b c Florence Fonso, 3, 95..... (Machan) 14
G. B. Morris' b c Faver, 4, 112..... (Spelman) 15
J. Rowe & Co.'s b c Geo. Florencia, 3, 110..... (Olney) 16
E. W. Heffer's b c Markland, 6, 108..... (Hayward) 17
Mr. Livingston's Delawar, 3, 90..... (Rivers) 18
C. W. Medinger's b c Bettler, 5, 95..... (Johnson) 19
Mr. Richmond's b c Springfield, 4, 94..... (Littlefield) 20

• Fall, Time, 2:12½.

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TO NEWS AGENTS, POSTMASTERS, ETC.

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H. S., Hartford.—Yes.
J. S., Harrisburg.—No.
W. D., Banne, Vermont.—No.
B. O. A., Elmira, N. Y.—Vaseline.
B. R. D., Minneapolis, Minn.—Yes.
E. E. B., Denison, Iowa.—Have not the address.
J. F., Ioula.—We do not keep a record of shipwrecks.
A. R. G., Brockton, Mass.—We do not keep such records.
J. E. B., Channahon, Ill.—So it was reported some time ago.
J. W. H., Scranton, Pa.—We do not understand your question.
M. H., New York.—It scores a scratch, and the ball must be holed.

M. S., Boston, Mass.—1. James Keenan. 2. No; Ryan weighed 195 pounds.
P. M. McC., Waltham, Mass.—We have no such book, but are publishing one.

J. S., Worcester, Mass.—The stakeholder was correct in paying over the money.

A. E. T., New York.—Nathan Lovell. A letter addressed to this office will reach him.

P. H., Albion, Mich.—It is optional with the player, whether he follows suit or trumps.

A. H., Cleveland, Ohio.—Tommy Barnes resides in this city. A letter to this office will reach him.

Readers, Gracy, Fla.—We will send you boxing rules, the best and standard gloves, on receipt of \$1.

A. E. S., New York City.—Nixey is residing in Philadelphia. A letter mailed to Arthur Chambers, 923 Ridge avenue, will reach him.

T. D. V., New York City.—Apply to Wm. Edwards or to Prof. Austin, Cosmopolitan Hall, Forty-first street and Broadway, New York City.

O. AND M., Sacramento, Cal.—1. Billy Edwards never fought Ed. Tuckey. 2. The battle between Prof. Wm. C. McEllehan and Mike Donovan.

B. H., Milwaukee, Wis.—Mitchell and Cleary met twice. At American Institute Bldg., New York City, Monday April 9, 1885, and at Mechanic's Pavilion, San Francisco, Friday, May 27, 1885.

D. W., Altoona, Pa.—The 5-mile bicycle race for \$300 a side and the championship of America, between John S. Prince and Robert A. Neilson was decided at Lynn, Mass., on May 31, 1885. Prince won at the post in 19 minutes 29 4-5 seconds. Neilson's time was 19 minutes 30 seconds.

S. H., Montreal.—1. No. 2. The Chester Cup, of \$3,500, added to a handicap sweepstakes of \$75 each, for three-year-olds and upward, nearly two miles and a quarter, was run for at Chester, Eng., May 8, 1885, and was won by the Duke of Beaufort's Eastern Emperor, five years, 116 pounds; Beaver, three—92, second; Sir Name, three—94, third.

G. F. D., Chicago.—Charles Leyden dressed a bullock in 4 minutes 45 seconds, at Bridgeport, Ill., on May 15, 1885. R. Lafferty and J. E. Ferguson dressed a bullock in 4 minutes 13½ seconds, at Brighton, Mass., April 19, 1877. Walter Ferguson dressed a bullock in 5 minutes 40 seconds, Aug. 18, 1885, go-as-you-please style. He also dressed a bullock, market style, in 4 minutes 29 seconds, August, 1885, at Chicago.

J. S., Portsmouth.—1. No. 2. The steamship San Pablo, commanded by Captain E. G. Reed, left San Francisco for Yokohama on March 13, 1886, made the fastest run on record by the Southern route. The distance of 5,185 miles was accomplished in 17 days 14 hours, or an average of 306 miles per day. During the summer, and by the Northern route, Captain Reed has beaten this time, but by the Northern course the distance has been several hundred miles shorter. On one occasion the distance of 4,830 miles was accomplished in 16 days 13 hours.

S. G., Portsmouth, N. H.—The following are the Harvard College eight-oared crew:

POSITION, NAME AND RESIDENCE.	AGE.	WEIGHT.
Stroke, F. Remington, '87, Cambridge, N. Y.	20	159
1, H. W. Keyes, '87, Boston	24	168
2, G. S. Munford, '87, Rochester, N. Y.	19	153
3, F. P. Barrows, '87, Dedham	21	179
4, W. A. Brooks, '87, Haverhill	21	173
5, J. E. Yocom, M. S., Richmond, N. Y.	24	175
6, J. J. Coley, L. S., Keene, N. H.	21	164
7, A. P. Butler, '86	20	162
8, J. H. Wood, '86	21	165
9, C. F. Adams, '86	20	165

J. H. B., Indianapolis.—1. No. 2. It is certainly bad for the brain of the sleeper, as it is not natural; and it is no wonder that so many travelers, especially those who have been on the road extensively, experience bad effects from it. It is true that when a man jumps up into the water he goes head first, but then it is not long continued, nor unduly excites the brain. Take infants in baby carriages, and no sane woman will think of trundling the vehicle along so the child goes head first. They always, except the young and inexperienced mother, push them along feet first. Physicians invariably advise such locomotion. It is the same thing on the car, and no one should hesitate about having his brain made up as to move along feet first. It is much better for the brain.

J. W., Louisville, Ky.—Ormonde, a bay colt by Bend Or out of Lily Agnes, was bred by his present owner, the Duke of Westminster, and is trained by J. Porter, at Kingsclere. As a two-year-old he made a successful debut in the Post Sweepstakes (Bretby Stakes Course) at the Newmarket Second October Meeting, defeating Medway easily by a length, Warbler finishing a bad third; supplementing this victory by carrying off the Criterion Stakes at the Newmarket Houghton meeting, from Oberon, Mephisto and three others; also the Dewhurst Plate, Whitehall being second, defeated four lengths, a head behind whom finished Murdoch, eight others competing. This season the Duke of Westminster's colt easily defeated Minting into second place in the Two Thousand, Mephisto being third, and Saraband fourth. He won the English Derby, finishing ahead of The Bard, St. Mirin, Button Park, Sherzo, Coracle, Grey Friars, Chelms and Ariel.

D. S., Portland, Me.—Miss Jummy, winner of the One Thousand Guineaes and the Oaks, was bred by the Duke of Hamilton, and was trained at Newmarket by E. Marsh. In breeding she is by Pet-rarch, out of Lady Portland, by the Primrose, Petrarcho being by Lord Clifden, out of Laura, by Orlando. Miss Jummy first ran for the Richmond Stakes, at Goodwood, and was unplaced. She next came out at the Newmarket First October Meeting, where, after beating Argo Navis and two others for the Buckenham, she won the Rutland from The Cob. At the Second October she won the Clearwell, but at the same meeting was unplaced for the Great Challenge Stakes. At the Houghton meeting Miss Jummy was unplaced for the Middle Park Plate, but at the same meeting finished front for a post sweepstakes, but was disqualified for carrying the wrong weight. As a three-year-old Miss Jummy won the Riddlesworth Stakes at the Newmarket Craven, and at the First Spring she won the One Thousand Guineaes, with Argo Navis second, making three times in all that Prince Soltykoff's filly has been second to the Duke of Hamilton's filly. Miss Jummy has a number of valuable engagements at Ascot and Goodwood.

A. A., Philadelphia.—Mike Cleary, the well-known pugilist, has engaged in the following contests: Defeated Lew Chambers at Philadelphia in 1870 in 3 rounds, time 9:00; beat Jimmie Weeden (who killed Walker in the ring) with bare knuckles in Cecil County, Md., in 1874, 70 rounds in 1:35; beat Sam Carr, heavy-weight champion of the Northwest, at Philadelphia in 1878, 1 round, lasting 2 minutes; beat Harry Hicken, at Philadelphia, in 1878, 3 rounds, lasting 4:15; beat Jerry Leary at Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1879, 1 round, lasting 1:30; beat Pat Skeelon at Trenton, N. J., in 1879, 3 rounds, lasting 4:00; beat George Kooke, (middle-weight champion of the world) at New York in 1882 in 1 round, lasting 3:00; fought a draw with Charley Mitchell (champion of England) in New York, in 1882; beat Wm. Sheriff, the Prussian, at Philadelphia in 1884, time 1:05; fought a draw with Jake Kilrain at New York, 1884; defeated Sheriff, the Prussian, the second time, at Madison Square Garden, New York, in 1884, in 1 round, time 1:21; fought a draw with Jack Burke in New York in 1884; beat Jim Goode in Chicago in 1 round in 1884, time 0:40; defeated Capt. James H. Dalton at Louisville, Ky., Feb. 6, 1885, time 2:38; at San Francisco on March 13, he knocked out Jack Brady in 1 round, lasting 3:40.



BILL BROWN,
ONE OF THE YOUNG NEGROES ACCUSED OF THE
ARNOLD MURDER, NASHVILLE, TENN.



NELSON JOSLIN,
ANOTHER OF THE ACCUSED SLAYERS OF ARNOLD
TO BE TRIED SHORTLY, NASHVILLE, TENN.



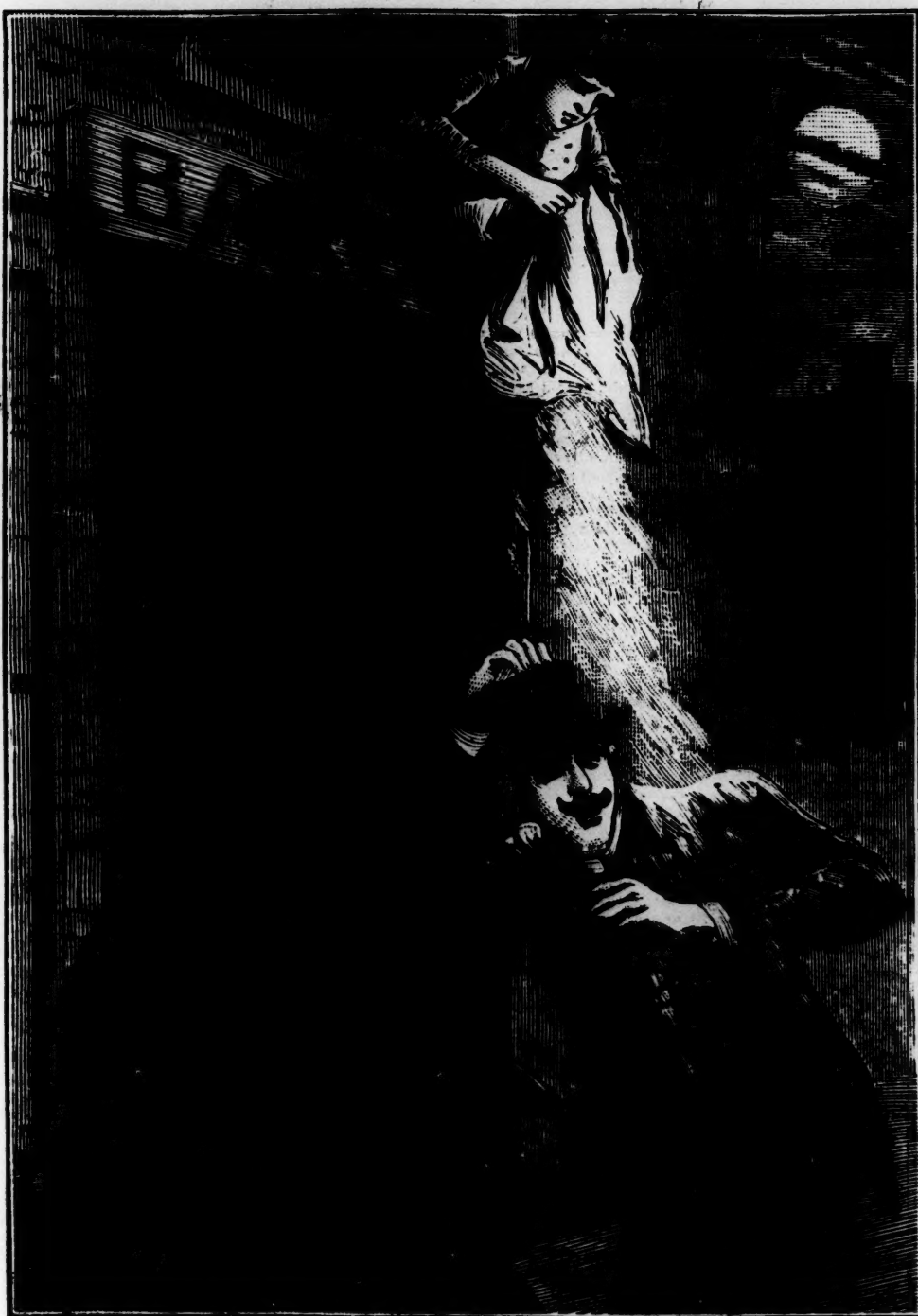
A WESTERN LADIES' LARK.
HOW SOME SWELL DAMES OF VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA, IN MALE ATTIRE, PAINTED
THE TOWN RED.



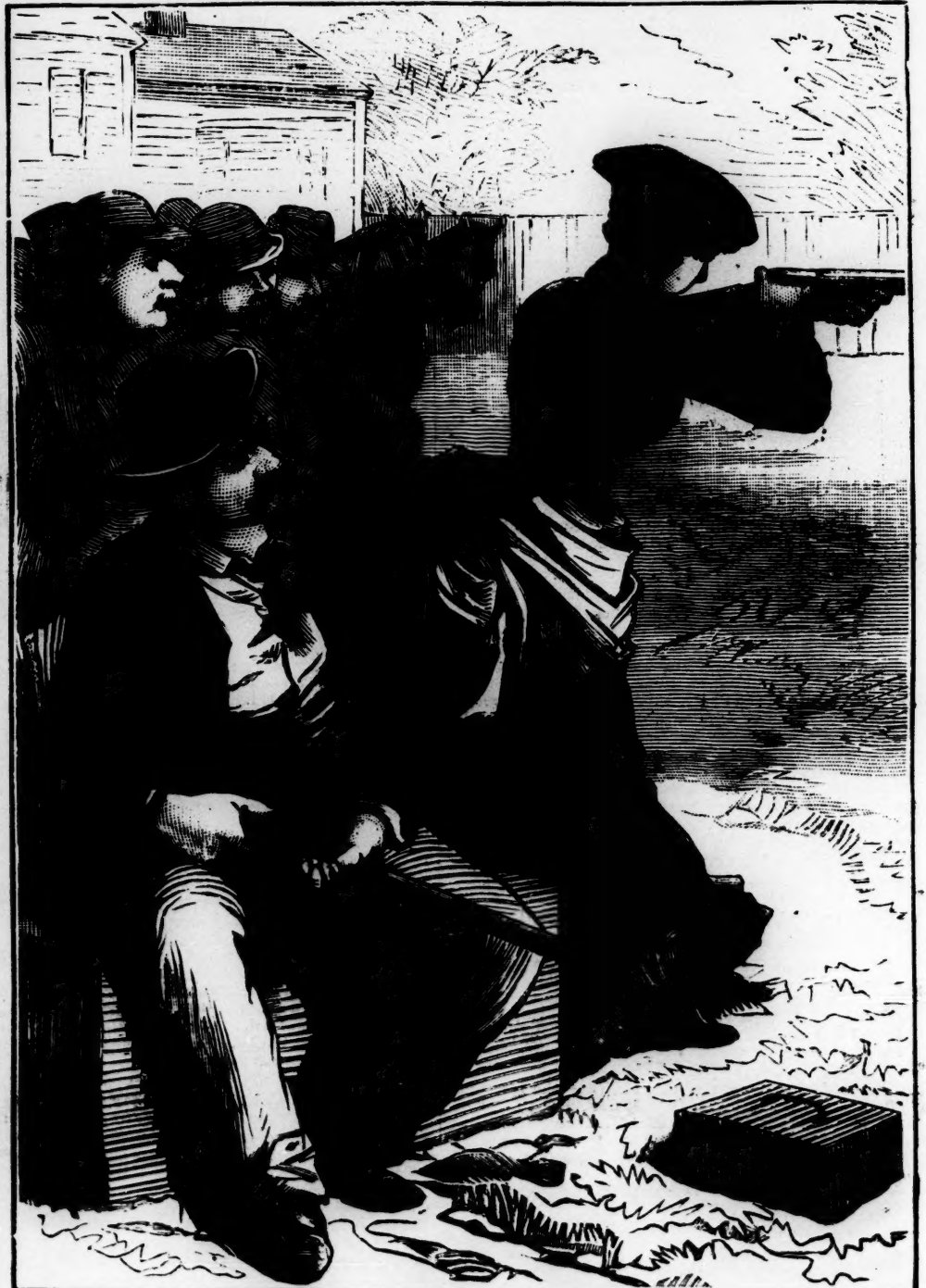
DON ANTONIO SANCHEZ,
THE FESTIVE SERGEANT-AT-ARMS OF THE NOVEL
"WHOFA WHOFA" CLUB, SANTA MARIA, CAL.



SAM KINGSBURGH,
OF KINGSTON, N. Y., THE LIGHTNING CHAMPION
BOOTBLACK OF THE STATE.



A FLOURY RECEPTION.
MR. WALLACE M'GILL, A CHICAGO DUDE, SEES A PRETTY BAKERY GIRL HOME
WITH CONSEQUENCES.



SHE WAS A DAISY.
A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY OF MELROSE, MONTANA TERRITORY, CONTESTS IN A
SHARPSHOOTING MATCH WITH A GENTLEMAN.



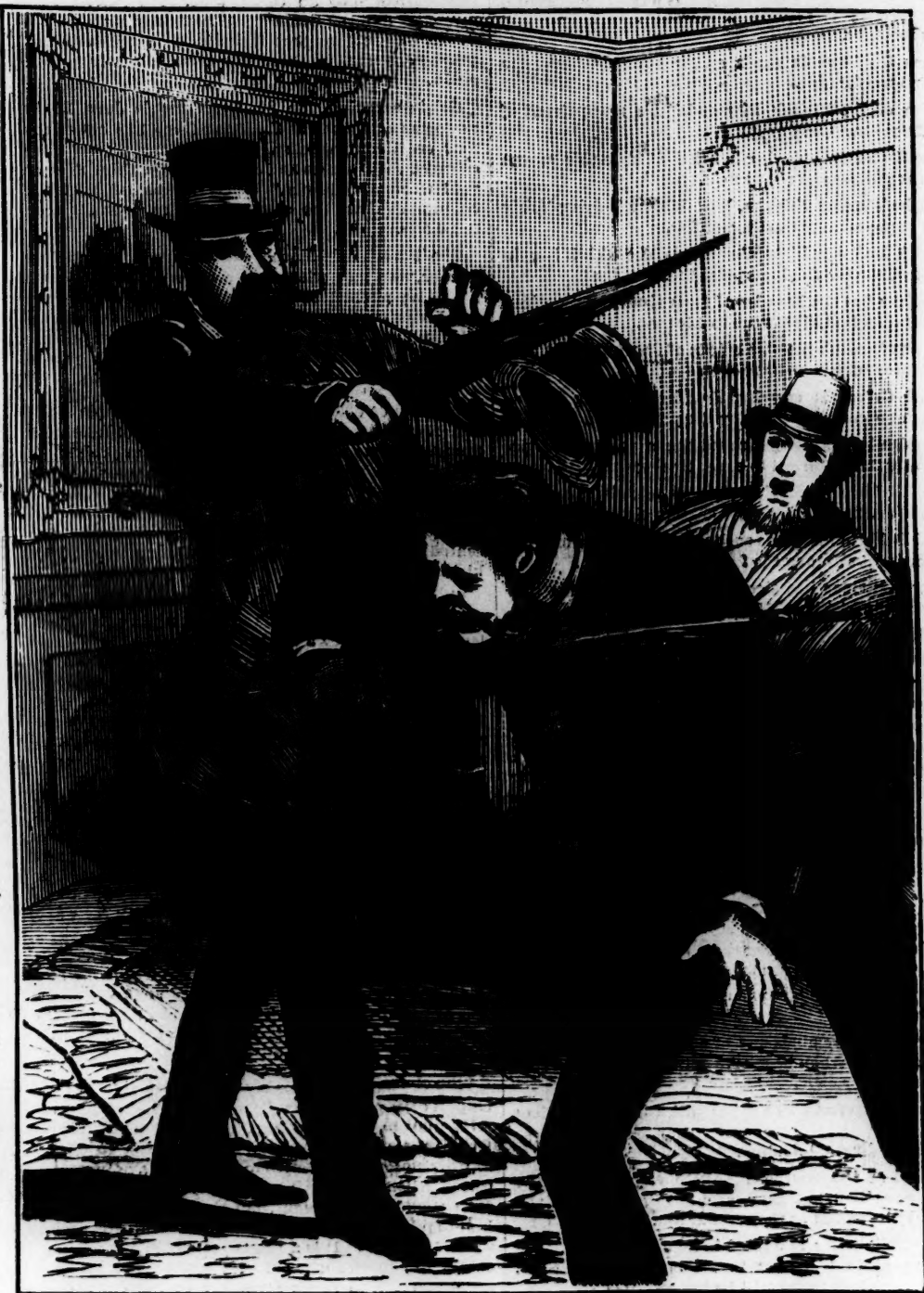
ALBO MILLER,
A RISING YOUNG PUGILIST BORN IN BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND.



A GREAT PRIZE.
THE MAGNIFICENT TWENTY-MILE BICYCLE CHAMPIONSHIP MEDAL OFFERED BY
THE "POLICE GAZETTE."



RECKLESS REVENGE.
DR. MORRISON MUNFORD, EDITOR OF THE KANSAS CITY "TIMES," IS SERIOUSLY
WOUNDED BY LAWYER WM. A. CARLILE.



AN UMBRELLA FIGHT.
THE DESPERATE BATTLE IN THE WINDSOR HOTEL, NEW YORK, BETWEEN BANKERS
WORMSER AND LAVANBERG.

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

Latest Notes, Gossip and Comments
Upon Baseball Matters in All Parts
of the Country.



Michael Welch.

The well-known pitcher of the New York Club is a Brooklynite by birth, where he commenced his baseball career by playing with amateur and semi-professional clubs of that city. His first professional engagement was with the Volunteer Club, of Poughkeepsie, in 1877. He was engaged by the Auburn Club in 1878 as centre-fielder and change pitcher, and after the disbandment of that club he finished the season as pitcher of the Holyoke Club, of Holyoke, Mass. He was re-engaged by the Holyokes in 1879, and made such a memorable record for himself that he attracted the attention of all the leading managers of the country. Bob Ferguson, now managing the Metropolitans, of Staten Island, was at that time the manager of the Troy League Club. He secured the services of Welch for the campaign of 1880, and his work was of such a character that he was retained for the season of 1881. When the Troy Club was thrown out of the League and the New Yorks admitted to fill the vacancy, Welch was secured by Manager Mutrie, along with the majority of the other players. He has been one of the mainstays of the New York Club each season since they have been in existence.

Barkley is working the sore shoulder business to perfection.

The Jersey Citys have been playing in pretty hard luck recently.

Jack Goodman is again on the town, as Lancaster had no use for him.

Five of the "Black Diamonds" are now patrons of the Lucas traveling hospital.

Joe Gerhardt is playing in brilliant style this season both at the bat and in the field.

Caylor's spring chicken, Will White, is doing fairly well in the box for the Cincinnati.

Trick McSorley is holding down the third bag in great shape for the Memphis club.

Latham has not been heard from since the American Association tied his tongue to his toes.

It was through the able efforts of Charley Byrne that the famous chinnners have been muzzled.

Fred Carroll is covering first for Pittsburg just as though he knew how to play the position.

Bastian is making the second bag a pretty hard position for Jack Farrell to cover this season.

Old Foghorn Bradley's melodious voice is once more to be heard in American Association circles.

Kid Baldwin has made such wonderful progress that he now ranks among the freshest of the fresh.

Low Simmons has struck a brilliant idea to stop Storey from kicking. He is going to tie his feet.

Galvin is getting down to his old form, and the western batsmen are getting "Galvanized" in great shape.

How the mighty have fallen. Jack Farrell, once the king of second basemen, is now playing second fiddle to Bastian.

Combs gets a very large salary and he thinks nothing of giving \$20 for a few minutes conversation with the umpire.

Morse, of the Boston "Herald," is beginning to feel bad because no one is paying the slightest attention to his warbling.

Billy Taylor is proving a good man in Baltimore. He has quit boozing, and is now pounding the ball for all it is worth.

Von der Ahe's chin fell away down on his chest when he was given to understand that when an umpire fines a player "it goes."

Ed. Whiting reminds one of a Brighton Beach plug. He is a corker when he gets to going, but he is nearly always out of repair.

The Detroiters have been doing just a little more than mushroom work this season, as they lead the League in both batting and fielding.

Several of the Southern League clubs are playing pretty good ball, but they are not scooping in the boodle quite as fast as they would like to.

"Orator" Shafer is wanted in a hotter climate. We don't mean in —, but in Atlanta, Ga., where his services as a ball tosser will be appreciated.

The scrap in which Bushong and Latham figured so prominently at Baltimore, was really the secret of the steps which were taken at the Columbus meeting.

Caylor has gone back to his first love—Will White.

Well, probably it's all right, as from general appearances Toney Mullane is trying to give Caylor the dead shake.

Guy Hecker is again holding his own in great shape. Going into business for himself has not swelled his head as it did the noodle of the Cincinnati's crack pitcher.

Jim Mutrie is still laboring under the impression that the New Yorks are going to win the championship. Some one ought to hit him in the neck with a stuffed club.

The great success of the Detroit Club lies in the fact that they are all playing to win, and the individual record business is another matter that is not given a single thought.

Jim O'Rourke has more than proved himself a valuable man this season, as he not only leads the league in batting, but he has done giant work both behind the bat and in the field.

There seems to be a general prejudice against Foghorn Bradley in Cincinnati. The fact is that an umpire has to give those hogtowners the whole earth in order to keep them from kicking.

The Hartford Club stockholders are beginning to sour on the management of the team, for, notwithstanding the fact that the club is playing fine ball and drawing well, they are constantly being assessed.

Glifford was censured very severely for getting so much new blood into the Metropolitan Club last spring, but it would have been the making of the club had he secured a few more men like Al. Mayes.

Ferguson is making great headway with his missionary work among the Indians down in Wiman Territory. He has succeeded in civilizing the majority of them, and is now teaching them to play ball.

The Bostonians have shelved Nash of the Richmond firm of Nash & Johnson. The latter is all right, as he finds the ball occasionally, but this is an off year for Nash and it is doubtful if he could hit a balloon with a wind-mill.

The Athletics claim that Kelly robbed them during a recent game in Brooklyn. Oh, how unkind. Kelly has all summer to return the plunder, and if he doesn't give it to them in the neck for talking that way, then we don't know Kelly.

Ted Sullivan is now spinning the ball for the Milwaukeees. It would be a pretty hard matter to crowd Ted out of the business. He is like a cat, as fast as they kill him in one town he blossoms forth in another as large as life and twice as natural.

The New Yorks are keeping Larry Corcoran for a grand stand ornament. Larry is a pretty good pitcher, and the sooner the New Yorks find it out the better it will be for them. He certainly could do as well blindfolded as Welch did against the Chicagoes with both eyes wide open.

So the umpires are to be protected. Who is going to protect them? Charley Byrne will do it in Brooklyn, for a dead certainty, but where is there another man in the American Association—that has backbone enough to get out and face an infuriated crowd when it comes right down to protecting an umpire?

Cushman made three base hits off Kilroy in a game at Baltimore, and the Monumental City quivered as though shaken by an earthquake. The militia were called out and the game would have been stopped had "Cush" not swore that it was a dead accident, and that he could assure them that it would never be done again.

Galvin surprised the St. Louis people June 13 by posing as a batsman and making three hits out of the four credited to his club. The St. Louis papers have changed their tactics and are not quoting him now as "old worn out Galvin," especially as he held the champions down the same day to but five single scattered hits.

The French lad—Murphy—of St. Louis, the amateur twirler, who met with such great success in the two games he pitched for the Cincinnati Club against the St. Louis champions, refuses all the inducements offered him on the ground that he can never humble himself sufficiently to become a full-fledged professional on account of his fine family connections.

The League officials should follow the example of the American Association representatives, and take steps immediately to put a stop to this constant kicking of the players. The latest in this line is the stockholders of the Kansas City Club finding fault with their players for not kicking over every little trifling thing like the Chicagoes do. A more disgusting sight cannot be presented to an assemblage than a game marked by kicking.

We would not like to accuse the Washingtons of being a worthless set of drunkards, but it is a well known fact that they carry a private "Barr" with them on all their trips. The inference is that there is considerable drinking going on, or else why would they be carrying a "Barr." We have been watching these Washington fellows for some time, and unless they carry themselves pretty straight we will land them in the inebricated home.

The "Referee" and "Dramatic Critic" have a swell sketch artist. His pictures of the nine leading pitchers are great. He ought to sketch the nine leading catchers and then go hang himself. McCormick looks like a thick necked prize fighter; Clarkson as though he had been drawn through a knot hole; Weldman resembles a jumping jack in full action and Sweeney a rejected lover, such as you would read about in a dime novel. Tim Keefe is the dead image of a confidence man, and Radbourne a crushed tragedian, while Shaw and Welch look like good bright bunk-stealers. The only fair looking mug in the whole lot is that intended for Baldwin, but it looks about as much like him as Mike Kelly looks like his parrot.

They are having a monkey and parrot time in Cincinnati at present. The Enquirer has been jumping on Manager Caylor and his Cincinnati Club with both feet, and Caylor has retaliated by refusing to admit any of the Enquirer people to his grounds. Managing editor, Allen O. Myers, imagining that his august presence would carry weight, but they refused to allow him to pass the turn-stile, and now he threatens suit against the club. It is a pretty state of affairs when it comes to getting along out of a ball ground the moment you fall to speak favorably of the club. One would imagine that the newspapers were to be run under the dictation of the baseball managers. Mr. O. P. Caylor may be a good Cincinnati lawyer, but he would very quickly be branded as a shyster were he to attempt anything of that sort in this city.

ADVERTISING MERITS.

The claims of newspapers as to circulation are seldom relied upon, the POLICE GAZETTE, therefore, prefers to allow its patrons to speak on its behalf. The POLICE GAZETTE is sold in every State and Territory in the Union, and is mailed to every established post office in the United States, is subscribed for by upward of two thousand newspapers, who rely upon its columns for sporting news. It also possesses a very large European patronage, being well known from Australia to the diamond fields of South Africa. With such a record of popularity, will it not pay every advertiser to give its columns a test trial trip?

What the Rev. Thos. E. Green says in his "White Cross address": "Anyone can buy, and the quantity devoured is beyond belief. One paper prints a million a month. Six times that of all together. Add the circulation of Harper's, Century, the Atlantic, the triumphs of our modern journalism, still the POLICE GAZETTE outnumbers these alone. The people must want it if it is so good, or it could not be so."

READ WHAT OUR PATRONS SAY.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 23, 1885. I regard the POLICE GAZETTE as the best advertising medium I have ever tried. I received over 300 orders in response to an advertisement which you printed one time last winter. Very respectfully, etc. JEFFERSON COX, 55 L Street.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Dec. 14, 1884. We think your paper is undoubtedly the best advertising medium for our class of goods in the United States, and we have tried all the other sporting papers. Yours, etc. NOVELTY AGENCY.

Office of CHAS. F. MARSHALL, LOCKPORT, N. Y., July 23, 1885. Would say I found the POLICE GAZETTE as good a medium for advertising for Agents as any other paper I used last season. I shall add the GAZETTE this fall. I do not commence to advertise until September. Respectfully yours, CHAS. F. MARSHALL.

THE MONARCH NOVELTY CO., CINCINNATI, July 31, 1885. DEAR SIR—We find your paper, the POLICE GAZETTE, a first-class advertising medium. Respectfully yours, MONARCH NOVELTY CO.

ELMIRA, N. Y., Aug. 17, 1885. DEAR SIR—We have had on our list eight papers claiming the largest circulation in America, but by referring to our books we find that we have received from advertisements inserted in the POLICE GAZETTE twelve times as many cash orders, and thirty times the number of inquiries received from any three of our other papers combined. This speaks well for your paper, and consequently we have decided to drop some of our other papers and put our money in the GAZETTE.

ELLISWORTH PUB. CO., MARTIN.

MAHLER BROS., Manufacturers of Ladies Underwear, 505 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, Dec. 9, 1885.

SIR—We find, as you justly claim, that it is the best advertising medium in the world.

Respectfully yours, MAHLER BROS.

AKRON, O., Sept. 5, 1885. Our experience with your paper as an advertising medium has been thus far highly satisfactory.

Yours truly, IDEAL NOVELTY CO., per N. W.

The Importing Co., Oswego, N. Y., says: "Results from GAZETTE advertising are highly satisfactory. The enclosed envelope from the diamond fields, South Africa, is only a sample of foreign orders that we are constantly receiving from all parts of the globe."

W. H. MARTIN, Dealer in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hats, Caps, Drug Chemicals, etc., GOLD HILL, N. Y., Sept. 21, 1885.

Will say (as to my experience in regard to your paper) I have found it to be an excellent advertising medium. I have used upwards of 500 publications and have received fully as many answers to my advertisement in your paper as all the rest combined.

Yours truly, W. MARTIN.

ADVERTISER'S RETURNS FROM AFRICA. BLUMFONTEIN, ORANGE FREE STATE, SOUTH AFRICA, Aug. 26, 1885.

I trust you will excuse me for writing you as I am taking in asking yourself to do me a favor. I am a constant reader of your paper, the GAZETTE, and I am well pleased with it, it is really a very nice reading and it gives one lots of information. I have taken the liberty of enclosing you kindly buy me—Trusting you will do me this favor, and waiting a favorable reply, with compliments to yourself and family.

I remain, dear sir, your obedient servant, THOS. SCRECH.

"Would say that my limited experience of the GAZETTE is that it is a first-class advertising medium. It pays to use it. It is in fact the only paper that has ever paid me for my outlay. Your charge of \$1.00 per line is cheaper than others I could name at 5 cents."

A. WILLIAMS, Agent Fowler (English) Pills.

NEW YORK'S COSMETIQUE, 2146 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, Dec. 4, 1885.

I wish to say that I have more returns from your one paper the last month than I have had with twenty other papers. It is a grand medium for advertisers.

MADAM M. LATOUE.

AN ADVERTISER'S DELUGE. Office of J. G. STAUFFER, PALMYRA, Pa., Oct. 24, 1885.

Would you kindly stop my advertisement till after the holidays, for the reason I am fairly deluged with applications and am not well enough to attend the same, and consequently I am at a loss. At least 4 p my card for a time. Truly yours, J. G. STAUFFER.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 4, 1885. We have read your little book and can fully corroborate the testimony of your other advertisers. We at first doubted some of the letters, but are now prepared to believe everything said in favor of the GAZETTE as an advertising medium. Our various advertisements in your paper have brought hundreds of answers from all sections of the country, and have kept us busy as we could with filling orders. We expect soon to have a trade all over the country by advertising through such a good medium. Your price is high, but it pays. We will forward advertisement for next week.

Yours truly, BIZOU NOVELTY CO., per H. L. B.

HARRY E. MILLARD, Sole Proprietor and manufacturer of the celebrated Millard Mustache Wax and Semolian Cosmetic.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., Dec. 2, 1885. My returns as yet, such as I have got, have proven to me the vast amount of territory your paper covers, as I have got as early as this returns from California and Maine, from Minnesota to Florida, and that proves to me your paper is the only paper that will reach the large body of barbers in the smallest space of time and cheapness of outlay for advertising.

Yours truly, HARRY E. MILLARD.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 21, 1885. I notice that many of your advertisers have stated their experience with the GAZETTE as a medium. I am free to say that after using the paper more or less during the twenty years I have been in business, it is one of the best paying advertisers in the country.

R. F. CATON.

LEBANON, O., Aug. 10, 1885. Your paper is a splendid advertising medium. I get more replies from it than any of the papers in which my advertisement has been inserted. This much in the way of a prelude. Yours, etc.

J. L. STEPHENS, M. D.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. A treated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this remedy in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail on receipt of stamp, naming this paper, W. A. N. YES, 107 1/2 West 4th St., Rochester, N. Y.

CURE FOR THE DRAF.

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING, and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. Conversation, even whistlers, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. HISCUX, 553 Broadway, N. Y.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Attention is called to the fact that no new accounts are opened for advertising, and that cash must in all cases accompany an order. Persons who are disappointed because their cards do not appear in this issue are those who omit to comply with this rule.

All Advertising Agencies are forbidden to quote the POLICE GAZETTE at less than regular rates, and notified that orders from them will not be received unless they exact full rates from advertisers.

Copies for advertisements must reach this office by Tuesday at 1 P. M., in order to insure insertion in following issue.

BOOKS THAT EVERY ONE SHOULD READ.

Glimpses of Gotham; or, New York by Daylight and after Dark. Man Traps of New York. A Full Exposure of the Metropolitan Swindler. New York by Day and Night. A Continuation of Glimpses of Gotham. New York Tombs; its Secrets, Romances, Crimes and Mysteries. Mysteries of New York Unveiled. One of the most exciting books ever published. Paris by Gaslight. The Gay Life of the Gayest City in the World. Paris Inside Out; or, Joe Potts on the Loose. A vivid story of Parisian life. Spangled World; or, Life in a Circus. The romances and realities of the tanbark circle. Secrets of the Stage; or, the Mysteries of the Play-House Unveiled. Great Artists of the American Stage. Portraits of the Actors and Actresses of America. James Brothers, the Celebrated Outlaw Brothers. Their Lives and Adventures. Billy Leroy, the Colorado Bandit. The King of American Highwaymen. Cupid's Crimes; or, The Tragedies of Love. A history of criminal romances of passion and jealousy. Famous Frauds; or, The Sharks of Society. The lives and adventures of famous impostors. Mysteries of Mormonism. A Full Exposure of its Hidden Crimes. Bandits of the West. A Thrilling Record of Male and Female Desperadoes and Criminals of America. With 24 superb illustrations. Slang Dictionary of New York, London and Paris. Compiled by a well-known detective. Heathen Chinee. His Virtues, Vices and Crimes. An account of the saffron slaves of California. Guileau's Crime. Full History of the Murder of President Garfield. Assassin's Doom. Sequel to Guileau's Crime. A history of the trial and sentence. Crime Avenged. Sequel to the Assassin's Doom. The punishment of the murderer. Esposito. Lives of Brigands in Europe and America. The monarchs of the mountains. Fast Men of America; or, Racing with Time from the Cradle to the Grave. Murders of America. Heroines in the Red Romance of Crime. Hush Money; or, Murder in the Air. A romance of Metropolitan real life. Faro Exposed. A Complete Exposure of the Great American Game. Lives of the Poisoners. The Most Fascinating Book of the Year. Mable Unmasked; or the Wickedest Place in the World. Gotham by Gaslight; or After Dark in Palace and Hovel. Crimes of the Cranks. Men and Women Who Have Made Inequality An Excuse for Murder. Boycotting. An Avenging Ireland's Wrongs. A true history of the Irish troubles. Crooked Life in New York. Sketches of Criminal Life in New York. "Police Gazette" Annual. A look of Wit, Humor and Sensation. Female Sharpers. Their Haunts and Habits, Their Wiles and Vices. Suleika's Cranks, or the Curiosities of Self-Murder. Showing the origin of suicide. Coney Island Frolics. How New York's Gay Girls and Jolly Boys Enjoy Themselves by the Sea. Murdered by Lust; or How Jennie Cramer Lost Her Life.

SPORTING BOOKS.

The American Athlete, a Treatise on the Principles and Rules of Training. Champions of the American Prize Ring. Complete History and Portraits of all the American Heavy Weights. History of the Prize Ring, with Lives of Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan. Life of Jim Mace, ex-Champion of England. John Morrissey, Pugilist, Sport and Statesman. John C. Heenan, with all his Battles. Tex Wilson, Champion Pugilist of England. Ed. Hanlan, America's Champion Oarsman. Betting Man's Guide, or How to Invest in Auction and Mutual Pools and Combinations. Any of the above superbly illustrated books mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cts. Address RICHARD K FOX, Box 40, N. Y.

TO ADVERTISERS.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements..... \$1.00 per line. Reading Notices..... 200. Copy for advertisements must be in by Tuesday noon in order to insure insertion in following issue. The POLICE GAZETTE has 16 pages, of 4 columns, measuring 14 1/2 inches each, and 2 1/2 inches wide.

ALL AGATE MEASUREMENT. EIGHT WORDS AVERAGE A LINE.

No Discounts Allowed on Large Advertisements or Time Contracts.

No Extra Charge for Cuts or Display.

During the continuance of an advertisement, the paper is sent regularly to all advertisers.

Cash should accompany all orders for transient business in order to secure prompt attention.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

THE FIDELITY BUREAU OF MATRIMONIAL INFORMATION FOR UNMARRIED PERSONS.

Office 85 West Fayette St., Baltimore, Md. This Bureau has been established in order to provide for a long experienced, need and the affairs of the office being in responsible hands, will be conducted on the principles of good faith. All matters entrusted to the Bureau will be strictly confidential, thereby affording ample protection to both sexes. Inclose fifty cents to above address for full particulars, showing the plan of the Bureau, its workings and what it proposes to do.

If you want to receive free samples circulars and newspapers from publishers and novelty dealers all over the United States and Canada, send 20 cents and have your name entered in Agents' Name Directory. JAS. CONNERS, Lafayette, Ind.

Art Studies in colors, sample 4 each 4x6; set 10. FINE ART AGENT, 152 Broadway, New York.

Have Positively Stopped Business. PAUL GREGORY, Box 194, Marlboro, N. Y.

THE TURF.

Brighton Beach

RACING ASSOCIATION

WILL HAVE RACING EVERY

Tuesday, Thursday & Saturday

AND ON EVERY AVAILABLE DAY DURING

THE SEASON.

IT IS THE MOST POPULAR TRACK IN THE

EAST, AND GREAT FAMILY RESORT.

The course can be reached by all routes to Coney

Island.
R. ROBINSON, President.
JAMES MCGOWAN, Secretary.
GEORGE H. ENGEMAN, Manager and Proprietor.Every Horseman should procure a copy of
the "Sporting Man's Companion." It contains
230 list, packing list, winners of grand circuits and fast-
est times trotting, pacing, etc. Price, 25 cents. Sold
everywhere.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MAN AND WOMAN.

Imported Pictures for Gents. Man and Woman to-
gether: natural as life. Sold in sets of 12 for \$1. I
guarantee them; exceedingly rich and the finest
Pictures in this or any foreign market; one set (12),
safely by mail, to LIBERTY SUPPLY AGENT, 30
Nassau St., New York, Room 15, rear building.

FRENCH!

Adventures of a French doctor with his female pa-
tients—a rare book—166 pages of fancy reading, choice
titles and 10 male and female illustrations. By mail,
well sealed, 50 cents; 3 books same nature, all differ-
ent, for \$1. Mail or express.
T. H. JONES, Post Office Box 302, Jersey City, N. J.The Magic Revealers. Do
you wish to gaze on the mysteries
of art or nature? Magnifies 1,000
times. Sample, 25c; 3, 50c; 7, \$1;
1 dozen, \$1.50; 1 gross, \$10, assort-
ed. Money for agents. Genuine
Transparent Playing Cards, pack,
1 dozen, \$7.00; 4 best samples, 10c.PHOTOS. Send 25c for 6 very choice sam-
ples, just the kind you want.
Life (cabinet) Male, 25c; Female, 25c; Scenes, 25c.
Colored, 50c; Set, \$1; 3 sets, \$2; 1 dozen sets, \$5.
18 Photographs of Female Beauties: In cabinet cards,
25c; 5 sets \$1.00; 1 dozen, \$2.00; 100, \$10.
Card size photographs, actresses in tights, 25c.
10 Cabinets, 50c. (mailed).Racy Book for Gents, 61 Illustrations, 25c.
THE SECRETS OF LOLA MONTEZ.
Complete (pocket edition) plain English, illus. natu-
ral as life. Strictly for boudoir reading. By mail \$1.
SPICY! Six beautifully illustrated, fancy, po-
etical cards, entitled "What Did She
Mean?" "Key Hole in the Door," "Parlor Scene at
12 P. M.," "Hints to Young Ladies Learning the Ma-
chine," "Description of a Nuptial Night," and "Under
the Garden Wall." Lot, 25c.
Complete samples of all the above goods, \$2.00.
PURCHASING AGENCY, Box 173, Philadelphia, Pa.

SPORTING MEN

HUSH! You Can Get Them. Gents only.
Full pack, 53 Genuine Transparent Cards. "Hold
to Light" secreted views: male and female; old-
time. Mailed secure, 50c. per pack (price reduced),
2 packs 90c. French Photo free every order. Our
unqualified set of 10 Genuine fancy female
photos, from life, for gents' private album. Price, 50c.
NOVELTY IMPORTING CO., Lock Box 104, Oswego, N. Y.

TO GENTLEMEN ONLY

An entirely new article, which no gentleman, mar-
ried or single, should be without a single day. It will
last at least a year with careful usage, and can be carried
in the vest pocket. Sent securely sealed with full direc-
tions on receipt of \$1, or six for \$5. R. F. CARON, Box
5257, Boston, Mass. N. B.—This is no humbug.

APRIZE

Send six cents for postage, and re-
ceive free, a costly box of goods
which will help all, of either sex, to
more money right away than any-
thing else in this world. Fortunes
await the workers absolutely sure. Terms mailed free.
TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine."A Night Scene," "Did It For Love," and
seven other pieces of poetry, 25c. Sent sealed.
Four highly-colored pictures, LOVE SCENES, 25c., pho-
tos male and female; beat old times, 6 for 25c. No
two alike. The lot complete, 50c.
PARK NOVELTY CO., Box 1191, Philadelphia, Pa.OSTLER JOE, the great Washington scandal, 111. 16pp.
cabinet, 10c. Venerology, 112pp. 35c. PHOTOS,
cabinet, for gents, females from life, 25c, 5 \$1. 12 \$2. Re-
productions of ancient and modern art works, for artists,
fine, 40c, 3 \$1; 12 \$3. Express. Park City Pub. Co. Chicago.Every Amateur Athlete, Oarsman, Pugil-
ist, Horseman, Jockey, Wrestler, etc. should
buy the "Sporting Man's Companion," published by
Richard K. Fox, Franklin Square, New York. Price
25c.\$25 will start any person in a new business, and
which will pay from \$10 to \$50 every evening.
No peddling. Cut this out and write at once.
WORLD MFG. CO. 122 Nassau St., New York.For the Use of Man or Woman. The most use-
ful article ever invented. Price \$1, put up in neat
box with full directions. No circulars.
Wm. MACKENZIE, 152 Broadway, New York.

SONGS

100 Songs 10c., 200 Songs 25c., 400 Songs
50c. Agents wanted. Catalogue of
Songs free. H. J. WILKINSON, 50 Chatham St., N. Y.Rubber Safes for Gents, 2 for \$1. No circulars.
RUBBER SAFE, 30c; Ticker, 10c; The Tenser,
10c. LOVERS' GAZETTE, Chicago, Ill.

WANTS.

Wanted—Partner \$150. Experience unnecessary.
(Travel, Treasurer, Female Minstrel, by "At-
tractive Burlesque Actress" start immediately.
Address Miss MONTAGUE, 311 East 52d St., New York

LAWYERS.

Legal Advice free. Send stamp for divorce
law of Ill. C. & S., 160 Randolph St., Chicago.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Huge! Enormous! "The N. Y. Weekly
News," 25 Park Row,
is the largest weekly publication. Twelve pages every
week, making 480 pages in a year of sensational ar-
ticles, stories, and matters for housewives every
week. Only One Dollar a year. We will send a
genuine Webster's Illustrated Practical Dictionary,
1500 illustrations, 634 pages, nearly 700,000 words, ele-
gantly bound, and the "News" one year for only \$1.50.
Address, N. Y. WEEKLY NEWS, P. O. Box 2765, N. Y.The Fastest Time Ever Made Running,
Walking, Bicycle Riding, both by amateurs and
professionals; winners of great events on land and
water; baseball and prize ring records, and a galaxy
of sports statistics is published in the "Sporting
Man's Companion," now out. Price 25 cents. Sold by
all newsdealers."Wicked Nell," 50c; "Cranky Ann," 50c;
"Chicago After Dark," 50c; "Irish Mollie,"
50c; "Many Secrets Revealed," 50c; "Vices of Lon-
don," 15c; all the above books securely wrapped,
postpaid, \$2.00. QUINN (TRY SUPPLY AGENT,
Drawer M, Plainfield, N. J.G. B. O. Z. I. J. M. M. (the harlot) and other ob-
scene works. These kill! Part 1, 30c.
For shipment—four finely engraved works, for the
gent in his pocket, for 40c; samples for a \$3 bank or
express draft and your shipping address. H. L. EY &
BOTH, P. O. Box 209, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.Patent Binders, containing Four of the
latest issues, for filling the Police Gazette, can
be purchased at the Police Gazette Publishing House,
Franklin Square, New York. Price, \$1.50 each.An Old-time Book. A sequel to F. H. Nearly
100 pages with 24 full plate illustrations of male
and female together. 50c. Box 400, Montclair, N. J.Rare Books, 2c. Send 2c. stamp for catalogue. C.
CONROY, 10 Duane St., N. Y. Established 1863.Different Ways of Doing It, with Illustrations, sealed
for 30c. Address LOVES' GAZETTE, Chicago, Ill.FUN! A bashful Man's Wedding Night. Only 12c.
GARDEN CITY NOVELTY CO., Chicago, Ill.Convent and Confessional Secrets, 10c. Cur-
ious Catalogue, 2c. GLOBE CO., Plainboro, N. J.Malden's Dream, Wedding Night, and six others, 50c.
MAUD DEMEREST, 103 Adams St., Chicago.Dandy Mat. paper, 3c. THE GEM, Coldwater, Mich.
Catalogue for Stamp. Box M, Plainfield, N. J.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

John Wood, 308 Bowery, New York, can
furnish Photographs from life of all the champions
and well-known sporting men. Donnell McCaffrey,
John L. Sullivan, Pa. Sullivan, Jack Kiltain,
Mike Cleary, Charley Mitchell, Jack Burke, Jack Kilrain,
Alf. Greenfield, Jack Dempsey, La Blanche, and
400 other champions of all athletic sports. Send for
catalogue to J. Wood, 308 Bowery, New York.Turkmen, Horsemen, Athletes, etc., all pro-
nounce the "Sporting Man's Companion" to be
the most complete and best sporting authority pub-
lished. Send for a copy. Richard K. Fox, Publisher,
Franklin Square, N. Y. Price 25c.PHOTOS. They all like them and never complain.
Sample by mail 10c; by express 25c.
CHAS. HAYWOOD, Detroit, Mich.Old-Time French Photos of Females from life.
2c.; 5, \$1; sealed. Drawer M, Plainfield, N. J.Seek and Find! Gents only. 20 Racy Scenes, 10c.
(silver), from life. ROYAL PUB. CO., Boston, Mass.PHOTOS (Cabinet) of 100 Rare Stage Beauties "2c.
in stamps." W. H. REEDS, Detroit, Mich.2 Sensational French Photos (In the act).
2 Gents only, 25c. stamp. Box 400, Montclair, N. J.25 Photos. Rich! Rare! \$1. 40c. cash free! for first
order. J. A. CREEKMORE, Deacon, Indiana.10 Card size photographs, actresses in tights, 25c.; 10
cabinet, 50c. (mailed). McGill, 304 Henry St., N. Y.Beauty unadorned, 16 French Subjects; cabinet size,
10c. and 2c. stamp. ROYAL PUB. CO., Boston, Mass.12 Sensational Fancy Photos of Females (no
tights). 50c. stamps. Box 257, Newark, N. J.

SPORTING GOODS.

How to win at Cards
Dice, etc. A sure thing, sent free to
anyone on receipt of 4c. stamps to pay
postage. Address or call in person,
Wm. BUDY, 63 & 67 Nassau St., New YorkPlaying Cards marked by a new shading
process; easy to read and hard to detect; sample
pack by mail, with key for learning them, 50 cents.
Address H. L. MUNSON, Bridgewater, Mass.Poker!—If you want to win at Cards,
send for the Secret Hints. A sure thing. It will
beat old sports. Address H. O. BROWN & Co., Salem, N. H.

ENGRAVING.

RICHARD K. FOX'S
Engraving Department,

IN CONNECTION WITH HIS GREAT

SHOW PRINTING HOUSE,

Furnishes THE FINEST WORK turned out in
America on the most Liberal Terms.All orders by mail or telegraph promptly attended
to. Address,

RICHARD K. FOX,

Printer and Engraver, Franklin Square, N. Y. City

AMUSEMENTS.

The Proper Study of Mankind is Man.
Know Thyself. Just published (pocket edition),
either in English, Spanish or German, a series of lec-
tures addressed to Youth, Manhood and Old Age,
as delivered at the Museum, or to those unable to at-
tend sent free by mail to any address on receipt of
25 cents in postage stamps. Address Secretary New
York Museum of Anatomy, 713 Broadway, New York.

LIQUORS.

Whiskey and Gin—only 60 cents a gallon. Sa-
loon keepers and others enclose \$1 for recipes
and make your own whiskey and gin. Address P. O.
Box 321, Baltimore, Md.

MEDICAL.

RESTORED. Remedy
Free. A victim of youthful
imprudence causing Premature
Decay, Nervous Debility,
Lost Manhood, etc., having
tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a
simple self-cure, which he will send FREE to his
fellow-sufferers. Address
J. H. REEVE, 43 Chatham-street, New York City.

LADIES

Try the old reliable and you will not regret it. Tansy
Pills are perfectly safe and never fail. Sent sealed
with directions for \$1. Warranted satisfactory.
CATON MED. CO., Box 327, Boston.

TO WEAK MEN

suffering from the ef-
fects of youthful er-
rors, early decay, lost
manhood, etc. I will send a valuable treatise (sealed)
containing full particulars for home cure, free of
charge. Address Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Modus, Conn.MY ELECTRIC BELTS AND SUS-
PENSORY cure nervous Debility, loss
of manhood, weakness of body and
mind, youthful errors, weak back.
Write for book on Manly Vigor, free.
Dr. R. YOUNG, 260 Hudson St., N. Y.Habit, Quickly and Painless-
ly cured at home. Correspondence
solicited and free trial of cur-
rent honest investigation. The Human
Remedy COMPANY, Lafayette, Ind.MY Electric Belt I guarantee will cure any case
of lost manhood or nervous debility in less
than one month. Send \$3 in bills at once. Nothing
saved by correspondence. All goods sent sealed.
Address
AMERICAN ELECTRIC BELT AGENCY, Buffalo, N. Y."HARMLESS, SURE AND QUICK."
COMPOUND EXTRACT COCAINE, CUBES AND
IRON. Is a certain and speedy cure. Price, 4c. by
mail. At the OLD DRUG STORE, 2 First Avenue,
corner Houston Street, and by druggists generally.SURE CURE.
For seminal weakness, emissions, etc. cured myself
and many others after all doctors failed. Send \$5 for my
course of treatment, which will cure any and all cases.
G. W. TRANT, Room 63, 125 Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.NIGHT Emissions, Nervous Debility posi-
tively and permanently cured. Send \$5 for my
course of treatment, which will cure any and all cases.
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